

seem to be the best of friends  
yet don't have a good deal in  
common - it's strange - I am  
very fond of her; our most  
solid bond is our love for the film  
Cabaret - I asked her how I should  
greet a rabbi (Rabbi Brafman at  
Yeshiva) and she replied - "get  
on your knees at 20 paces and  
approach slowly - then kiss his  
ring;" my expedition on the  
E, A, A A & A trains took about  
75 minutes - rather long -  
I went the entire gamut -  
from the air conditioned E  
train to a rather dumpy A  
train at Broad Meadow or  
Channel in the middle of  
Jamaica Bay - I found  
the High School without  
too much difficulty and  
was pleased that Rabbi



Bryman was so young & so "sympa-  
thetic", as the French say; the  
School seems to be under re-modeling at  
the moment - Carpenters & sawdust  
partout; we chatted on the terrace  
and I left feeling that I did not  
want the job - It seems so far  
away yet the teaching would be  
great fun - the E train goes all  
along the Atlantic Ocean at Far  
Rockaway - I left the Rabbi nat-  
terribly concerned about what I  
was going to do - Earl & Monique  
were waiting for me devant 321 W 103  
When I returned about 45 min.  
late; we had drinks etc & then  
went to Chuan Hong at B'way &  
105th for dinner - Earl & Monique  
treated me - it was a lovely  
dinner & à la fin I felt  
closer to Monique than I ever  
had; I was very pleased



We then got the B'way local  
up to 157 + B'way to see  
Kate + Kostya — I was  
delighted to be able to take  
them — Kostya was tired &  
retired early — Kate was  
in her best form — really  
superb — she discussed  
her life here & there &  
her husbands & her art & her  
cats & her self at the  
same time; I was ecstatic  
and I think E + M were  
enjoying themselves very  
much; We were somewhat  
late in leaving & were most  
tired the following morning  
when they got the train  
for Boston — I went down  
with them to Penn Station  
and then went to the  
Bank to get some checks etc.



When I returned to 321 I was depressed  
and very confused; I have done no  
writing in a long time; I was going  
through some self hate about my  
personal life; I didn't have a job  
etc; I was very tired; all  
that led me to eat in excess —  
I slept afterward; and then  
was bored badly — I watched  
some television and then Chris  
called & invited me up to 616 —  
I was their first guest at their  
new apt & they entertained — we  
talked and enjoyed ourselves a  
good deal — at least I did —  
I stayed late knowing full  
well that I had to be up at  
8 so that I could go up to  
157th St. and help Kate & Costya  
get their paintings packed  
for the Village art show —  
Unhappily — on Sat Morning



It was raining at that time  
so finally got the car parked  
and arrived in the Village  
about 11 AM — we sat at  
the "Spot" on W 9th betw  
5 & 6th Ave where Kate &  
Kostya have been showing  
for about 10 yrs — no one  
was about — no tourists, no  
artists — nothing — only  
threatening skies and some  
rain now and then —  
Kostya opted for leaving  
Kate wanted to stay — we  
finally got the show  
set up about 3 or 4 PM —  
and Kate sold some of  
her miniatures — she's  
a master salesman —  
Kostya didn't sell anything  
on Sat — Kate makes on  
the streets of W 9th is a



joy to behold - unhappily rain brought  
and end to the show at about 430 or  
so - we hastily packed up and then  
went to dinner at 5th Ave & 9th  
Street for dinner - very nice -  
altho I had a villain headache -  
after our Bratwurst & Red Cabbage  
we drove uptown and I excused  
myself over the headache - I  
went home to 321 and determined  
that Jack & Calvin were in town -  
I tried to find them at Bill &  
Chris's - no luck - I walked  
back down to Chuan Hong &  
"le vada" - half way through  
dinner; we went up to C 16  
for dessert - & olives -  
Calvin fell asleep - surprise,  
surprise; He really is most ill  
mentally - perhaps I should  
say "messed up"; I found  
myself being reasonably in -



tolerant of him and his com-  
plaining; we left somewhat  
early and went to 321 — I  
got up around 12 & went  
to the village with Sheryl —  
Calvin got up early & left  
around 1030 — Typically  
Calvin — the art show was  
in place from on Sunday —  
lovely weather & Kate & Costya  
were surrounded by clients —  
I was delighted & so were  
they; we (Sheryl & I) stayed  
and chatted with them for  
about an hour & then went  
up to 6th Ave & 26th Street looking  
for the Flea Market — it  
was not on — so we got  
the 104 bus up to the Upper  
West Side — Beer at the  
West End; And then  
dinner Chez Le Farhood —



Road trip that got brought back with  
him; Chris did a salad for us; we  
left around 12 and walked Sheryl  
to the train at 110th St; our  
plans were to go to Fire Island  
on Monday - Labor Day - that  
we did - left around 1130 &  
arrived at Robert Moses State  
Park an hour & 1/2 or so later -  
Sheryl complained all the way;  
much confusion about the correct  
highway or parkway to use;  
Bill drove too fast; Chris was  
relatively quiet; the beach  
was beautiful and not too  
crowded - I immediately went  
into the water which was not  
cold at all - Jell reminded me  
of an English tourist on the  
beach in Dorset in 1890 -  
fully clothed and sitting in a  
beach chair wishing to wave



somewhere else - Sheryl read  
Nicholas & Alexandria; Bill &  
Chris sunned and I thought  
about my Yesheva decision  
etc; Joel sunburned his skin  
and chest & complained -  
we swam (Bill & I did)  
and then returned to Tye -  
the beach we were at at  
Fru Island was strangely  
tiered - 2 or 3 layers -  
rather high tides & waves;  
we had a rapid return to  
the city and Sheryl went  
to the Village - Bill & Chris  
Joel & I had a very very  
eclectic dinner at 321 -  
Knockwurst, Sauerkraut,  
Clam Chowder, Salad &  
Ranch dressing; Crème  
patissiere & Strawberry  
Rabbi Brafman called



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and recommended I join them  
at Yeshiva for 1 session - i.e. -  
until January - I said OK -  
he will give me the final word  
on next Mon - the 11th I believe -  
Who knows - it could be great  
fun; Bill & Chris left about  
10 - Joel & I watched the  
olympics for a while - Mark  
Spitz won his 7th gold medal -  
A new world record; very  
exciting; we hung posters &  
picture for a while - the  
painting by Noel Sydney of a  
harbor; the chess posters in  
the kitchen etc - I returned  
early & got up at 9 a.m. for  
my train to Boston - It  
was fun getting ready to  
leave and I was not at  
all "pressé" - I got the  
1110 to Boston - read the



special fall edition of the  
 New York Magazine and  
 caught up on the past 6  
 days of my diary-journal  
 on the train - Hence  
 this impossibly scrawly  
 handwriting - I am  
 scheduled to arrive in Boston  
 at 440 where E & M will  
 meet me at the South Station.  
 More about all that at  
 a later point.

Tues - Sept 5 - <sup>Suzanne food</sup> E & M met me; <sup>Joan + her friend; Chz Earl - Cruise</sup> Car trouble;  
 Wed - Sept 6 - Ride around lake; pizza; Chz Earl  
 Thurs - Sept 7 - leave for Maine; picnic; Gladys.  
 Fri - Sept 8 - <sup>Monter chz Earl</sup> down main coast; Jane + Jim;  
 Sat - Sept 9 - Lauma bus; train Boston; Nyc  
 Sun. - Sept 10 - late start; cruise line; Bee & Chris

Gall's  
 birthday  
 we never  
 really celebrated  
 neither Gall's  
 nor mine.  
 That's  
 good.

I had to wait in Boston; Earl & Monique  
 arrived late - car trouble - we  
 headed north - Earl spoke of his



family's reaction to Monique's <sup>hus</sup> sleeping in the same room — they (as parents) were scandalised; & his brother Bill assumed the role of protecting Middle Class morality and launched a broadside attack against Earl; We broke down near Manchester — no water in the battery several people were very helpful — finally we arrived at Manchester and had dinner with Joan & Elise's sister (no — her sister was out) — Joan looked older; we ate at a Syrian restaurant — Caporus amounts of OK food — returned to Joan's place & Elise's sister returned — pleasant evening — we were in good form — It was Elise's birthday so we gave her a call — Crazy Crazy — our talk in the evening was of politics — we arrived at Tilton



rather late - "hello, hello" & then  
went to bed; on the morrow  
we got a slow start - but  
nevertheless made a trip  
around the lake (Commeauxakee)  
I bought some spoons -  
Average price; we stopped  
at Alton Bay & several other  
places - picture - beautiful  
day - Monique wanted  
pizza & so we went to the  
Pizza hut near Sarnia -  
rather good; Chz Earl - more  
liquor - his men seemed to  
be suffering from a sore  
back; we arose on Tuesday  
rather early to bed for the  
Coast of Maine & Earl's  
parents were dragging their  
feet, so to speak. My seemed  
to want to prevent us from  
leaving, "de histone, de histone";



"Have some coffee" etc; finally we  
got going around noon after  
having gotten up around 8:30 -  
average situation with reference  
to time in Tilton; the coast  
of Maine is "lonely" (a word of  
mine which Monique has  
added to her vocabulary) -  
we had lunch on the rocks - the  
coast of Maine was very smooth -  
hardly any waves - Spent the  
PM sunning & went to Ogunquit  
for dinner at Barnabe Billy's -  
excellent - we sat by the fireplace  
and chatted; then came time to  
find a room - a woman in a  
art gallery suggested we  
try that place - no  
luck - finally we went to  
"Gladys's Rooms" - rang & rang  
hell - finally a creature looking  
like a cross between Fady



Ma Beth & Gendel's mother  
emerged - drunk &  
probably supping from  
(as she said) "sugar" -  
She was pitiful and also  
very very funny - we  
laughed & laughed;  
all Gladys's could say was -  
"Oh God what have I done  
now" - "Don't tell anyone";  
very very funny; we  
got the room (it should  
have been two rooms and  
not one) - slept - the  
next AM we took a  
lobstering Cruise off the Coast  
of Maine - Mother really  
began to feel better -  
She had been feeling odd  
since lunch the day before -  
we watched lobsters being  
caught etc - Most enlightening;



we then headed down the Coast of  
Maine - Mubble Point lighthouse;  
York Beach etc - we went to  
see Jane & her infants - Earlier  
in the week we (surtout Earl)  
had been barred from entering  
Jim Shaw's house forever -  
It was tense being there -  
Jane seemed about herself as  
usual; Debbie is fat & Michel  
looks a bit like his father -  
I found that sad - the  
Mosquitoes were everywhere -  
we left - bought some Clams  
I went to T. Eaton - Meneque  
prepared some Clams with  
onions, garlic, oil, & persil -  
very good - I & Meneque ate -  
we slept; in the middle of the  
night Bill returned and the  
family commenced to shout  
I scream at each other - very



Very disconcerting - I was  
embarrassed; We got up  
around 9 or so & got ready to  
leave - slow process -  
finally we arrived at  
Tacoma - got the bus  
said our farewells to the  
Walleys - cordial - the  
bus ride was friendly &  
quickly over - I chatted  
with Monique while Earl  
slept - in Boston we  
confused the train schedule  
and had an hour to wait -  
coffee in the Waldorf Cafeteria  
(a slightly greasy spoon) -  
incredibly dark sky -  
thunder & lightning -  
Called Jack - he brought  
our dinner so we would  
not have to find some  
food upon our arrival in



New York Around 10 PM -  
we played Battelli in the  
train - Monique was offended  
because she is not terribly well  
read or educated (apparently) -  
She insisted that we be cited  
instead of people; self -  
defense I guess; the train  
ride to NYC was quickly over;  
we had great fun on the ride -  
Bill & Chris were at 321 when  
we returned - we had our  
Spaghetti & Sausage & Chatted  
with Bill & Chris & Jack for  
a bit & then retired; in  
the AM we were lazy -  
we agreed that the rule  
here Chris would be "le  
regneur" - I missed a roll  
of my Marie film - we  
went up to Bill & Chris -  
to get the camera in order -



we arrived at the pier 83  
in time for the 330 cruise -  
It was very treat - the  
captain was a joy - he  
thunk me as being a bit  
vulgar at the beginning  
but I soon began to find  
him very amusing - his  
enthusiasm for the city  
of New York was beautiful -  
As was our cruise around  
the island - I learned  
a good deal about the  
city of New York from him -  
the Cruise lasts about  
3 hours & costs \$3.50 - an  
excellent deal - I loved  
it and took many pictures.  
We walked up to the  
Cafe at Lincoln Center after  
the Cruise and had a  
beer - beautiful place -



Earl & Monique were being a bit  
to negative (franchement, c'est  
laide - pas mal - c'est pas  
comme en France, etc) - I  
got sarcastic and remained so  
throughout dinner at the  
Parkhods - Chris cooked  
chicken & Sherry - quite good -  
Earl & Monique were pleased  
I believe, I was glad that  
they were able to meet Bill  
& Chris - we watched the  
news & then Et M went to 321 -  
Joel & I went to the salon with  
Chris & Bill & we talked -  
first about "negative" attitudes  
and then about "teaching &  
role playing" - Bill seems  
to think that my habit  
of not telling my students  
my name on the first day  
is offensive & all -



Bill cannot accept the  
fact that we all play golf  
practically all of the time -  
anyhow - we had a good  
discussion & left around  
2 PM - Eamon was in  
bed when we returned -  
surprisingly & slept very  
well & very easily -

Rabbi Brofman is supposed  
to call me about my  
job at Yeshivah today - i.  
e. on Monday.

Mon - Sept 11 - 1972

<sup>I got my job at Yeshivah</sup>  
Monique is to leave for Geneva.  
Yes - we spent the AM organizing  
and went to East Side Terminal  
via 104 Bus - Monique was  
complaining about a good  
deal; we had a beer at  
East Side & saw Monique off -



her life is so organized that it makes  
me a bit nervous at times; she  
had, I suspect, a good vacation  
and lots - Miss; Earl & I  
walked a bit - up to the  
Cafe at Lincoln Center to be  
lunch & had a beer & then  
up to 103 & had dinner at  
Chuan Hong on 105 & B'way -  
Szechuan & very good - Earl  
& I talked at the Cruise de  
Parents & all - I recommended  
that Earl not return to N.H.  
before leaving for Geneva; on  
Sept 12 - Tues at 12 PM I  
showed Earl to the train for  
GCT and he left - I went to  
Yeshiva of Far Rockaway -  
Jull Institute - I have  
accepted the post for 1 semester  
teaching in a private Jewish  
High School - I never thought



I won't teach in un-tele  
scale; Rabbi Braffman + all  
are very nice to me — they  
asked me if I would wear  
a Yarmulka<sup>(sp?)</sup> and I said no —  
OK —; the kids are  
young, bratish & not  
very intelligent for  
the most part; the  
train ride out (the A or E  
train) is over 1 hr long  
each way — somewhat  
tiring; last night I  
was asked to dinner at  
the Farhoods' — very  
pleasant; Bill picked me  
up on his motorcycle —  
I actually enjoyed the  
ride — maybe I enjoyed  
not walking. I'm  
not sure why; Wed  
I taught — I seemed to



quiet them down a bit at Far  
Porkaway — I anticipate no  
problems from them; the  
train seems to be the only problem  
at the moment — it's about  
the tracks in the middle of  
Jamaica Bay — they are  
repairing them and there are  
some annoying delays —  
I arrived at Yeshuvah  
just in time today — about  
2 or 3 minutes en avance —  
I have begun to revise my  
dissertation efforts — I  
shall attempt to get back at  
it again with renewed  
vigor after my month's  
variation from writing —  
due largely to the incredible  
number of guests etc that  
have come through 321  
in the course of the month of August.



Sept 14 - Thursday - <sup>learn English?</sup>  
 Sept 15 - Friday - <sup>went early to Yeshiva;</sup>  
 Sept 16 - Saturday - <sup>Groomman's <sup>Guest Room</sup> <sup>imitate me</sup></sup>  
 Sept 17 - Sunday - <sup>the balcony for Seder; <sup>go to bank</sup></sup>  
 Sept 18 - Monday - <sup>God to Park + work; <sup>television</sup></sup>  
 Sept 19 - Tuesday - <sup>plea market; Sheryl <sup>stamp over; Gerdinger</sup></sup>  
 Sept 20 - Wednesday - <sup>redid Chapt 1; <sup>Sept 21st</sup></sup>  
 Sept 21 - Thursday - <sup>to Sheryl to do; <sup>thought about</sup></sup>  
 Sept 22 - Friday - <sup>AMH; Bought Cabaret, <sup>slides at Parkside</sup></sup>

Roderick Hudson  
 The Portrait of a Lady  
 The Spoils of Poynton  
 Washington Square  
 Daisy Miller  
 The Fanny the Valerii  
 The Real Thing  
 The Europeans  
 The American

So continues  
 my love  
 affair with  
 Henry James -  
 To date I  
 have read  
 all these.

On the 14th Arrived early at Yeshiva  
 the secretary at Yeshiva makes  
 the prototypical Jewish mother  
 seem waspish! - Amused  
 she hasn't been to Manhattan



for 4 years; the 10th grade annoyed  
me a good deal - I could have let  
Grossman & Giedhorn - I shall  
expect them in Oct. if they are still  
difficult; Rabbi Bragman  
asked me if I would like to  
teach an English course for them -  
It would mean getting rid of one  
of my French classes so I said  
no; the rest of the day seems  
to have fallen away; on Fri  
I slept late & went to the bank -  
picked up my slide of the  
Cule line crinoid - very nice -  
went to the Public - not terribly  
productive; returned to 327 -  
dinner - we went to the  
Parkoods - got Scotch and  
balysat for them for the weekend;  
Sat was beautiful - I  
went into Riverside Park and  
worked a bit on my <sup>theses</sup>



went to the store - dinner -  
read Henry James; Sunday  
I went to the Village Art  
Show - with Sheryl - Kostya  
won 2nd Prize - I was  
very pleased; Kate was  
in good form - they have  
done very well at the  
show; we visited for  
about an hour & then  
Sheryl & I went to the  
Flea Market at 26th &  
Ave. of the Americas - I  
didn't buy anything  
altho I will return next  
week in pursuit of those  
rat-tail spoons; we  
came back to 321 - the  
Farhoods were here -  
we went to Chuan Hong  
for dinner - and then  
to the Farhoods to watch



Good Finger; I was in a quiet -  
strange - depressed mood; we  
left late and Sheryl spent the  
night here at 321 - She didn't  
want to stay in her non-an-  
conditional apt. in the Village -  
we didn't get started on  
Mon. morning until late &  
Sheryl left around 3 or so;  
On Mon. afternoon I read  
my first chapter & got  
my letters ready for my  
next job - at a NYC College  
or university - I shall  
send my resume' etc to  
about 30 schools in the  
area & see what happens -  
Sheryl is going to photocopy  
my resume'; on Tues  
I went to AMH around  
1:30 and Sheryl gave me  
my resume's - I spent



a bazar 2 or 3 hours there  
very depressing & most  
ironic. Given my recent  
thoughts — It seems  
that Caroline has been  
fried; Phil has been  
sleeping with Caroline &  
Sharon — Sharon was  
most upset — Everyone  
was in a state of  
"Saiet-a qui se passe"  
I was wondering also  
I understood the arguments  
of players rather well I  
thought; I left &  
was so depressed I  
had to buy Cabaret —  
finally I found it at  
114th & B'way — my  
search began at about  
96th & B'way — Joel &  
I had dinner & then



I went up to the Fairhills when  
Joel went to class; the Fairhills  
I went to the Hungarian  
restaurant on 111th & Amsterdam  
so that the Fairhills could dine;  
we went back to their house  
Joel was there — we  
stayed only a few minutes —  
Joel seems to be paranoid  
lately about being away  
from his bed for more than  
an hour; shortly after  
we arrived back here — Bill  
called & suggested I come  
see I show sleds — I went  
back up — we saw my  
cousin's sleds & then  
sleds of Christy to New Orleans  
& put in of Bill, Chris; Scath  
Ankon Creek Park — I  
enjoyed it; I read my  
first batch of job letters to



Go out on Thursday — &  
would like to have about  
30 to go out at that point.  
Surely I will be able to  
secure a good position at  
one of those places —  
How I would enjoy a  
post at Hunter, Fordham,  
NYU, Brooklyn College or  
Barnard! — Well, we'll  
see what happens.

AMM - Sheryl photocopied résumé  
Sept 20 - Wed - 15 letters <sup>to go</sup> out for job; work on thesis

Sept 21 - Thurs - letters go out; prepare 15 more

Sept 22 Fri - thesis; letters out. <sup>resume</sup> Park studied

Sept 23 Sat - slept late - store; Joel's party - Kate

Sept 24 Sun - <sup>Place marker - dumb spools gone -</sup> Sheryl + Joel + I had dinner

Sept 25 Mon - letter to Sharon - Bus driver  
lunch Sheryl + Sharon; Bus to Pa.

Sept 26 Tues - Bank; spools; Russell

Sept 27 Wed - Chat at home - Bus to Pa; <sup>run from</sup>  
3 letters of no for job - call  
Earl, Kate + Sheryl



25 resumes sent out; SUNY Stony Brook; Packer,  
Bronx Comm College; Queensboro Comm College;  
The City College and Paul have agreed  
not to offer me a job - 6 down 19 to go -  
Something will happen - maybe  
even tomorrow AM - How nice that  
would be; Happily Sheryl photocopied  
my academic resume 25 times -  
I did that on Wed PM at AMH -  
Very depressing PM - it seems that  
Carole is fired; Sharon spent the  
weekend with Phil - she's jealous  
of Caroline etc etc; I got upset;  
The matchings are all wrong -  
Wed and Thurs were a combination  
of sending resumes + reworking  
my chapter; Friday I spent  
some of the PM in Riverside Park -  
Absolutely beautiful - Fri eve.  
was wretched - we had  
dinner with the Freudman's  
& a certain French banker - I



was turned off by the whole  
thing - dinner at Chez George  
on 55th St (?) - beef bourguignon -  
passable - they served it  
with mashed potatoes - instant  
ones no less, I was alone &  
suspect in not enjoying myself -  
everyone else seemed to be lulled  
by the whole bland situation -  
my mood was not the  
best - reason is not so  
unlikely - that fat Shepp  
a banker lives in a \$400/mo  
studio at Lex & 60th - He  
really taped my endurance  
to the limit; even Ape was  
annoying me - he seemed  
to be in a "this-is-our-  
night-on-the-town" mood &  
it all struck me as  
being suburban in its  
most murderous cloak;



Sat & slept late & went to Riverside  
Park - lovely PM - the sycamores  
were losing their leaves - radiant  
sun and I was in an autumnal  
mood; I didn't do much writing  
but enjoyed myself immeasurably;  
Jill went to a soiree (un film)  
with some people from Columbia  
I worked at home; rather  
productive; I thought about  
Ba good deal & had a very  
exciting - how strange I showed  
us that word - evening; Sun  
I went to the Flea Market with  
Sheryl - the Irish spoons were  
sold - I was desolate - I should  
have bought them last week -  
that will teach me - I  
shouldn't hesitate so much -  
we came back here to 321 &  
had dinner - I talked  
mostly about art - & Sheryl's



recent encounter with Wayne  
she left around 9 & I got  
ready to go to perma - I  
was excited; Lunch on  
Mon. with Sharon & Cheryl  
at the Japanese place in  
the SMH building - it  
was cheap and very good -  
not crowded & not pushy -  
we had a Resectory lunch  
I went to the Port  
of New York authority for  
my bus - I read some  
of the Embassador en  
route - very good & very  
difficult - I arrived  
in Stanton & Calced Ham -  
In the meantime I wrote  
Sharon the Chewing gum  
letter - She had offered me  
a piece of gum after lunch  
& one piece for the bus



driver - I wrote her as the  
bus driver thanking her for the  
jam - a very funny &  
well written letter - Signed  
Fred (call me "freddy" Trailway) -  
Sheryl tells me tonight that the  
letter was a "success" on bureau;  
very pleasant reunion with Mom &  
Dad - we had dinner & Dad  
watched a football game - I was  
not really into football that  
much; At 10:00 I began reading  
The Ambassador - read for a couple  
of hours and couldn't fall  
asleep - at 5:30 I was still  
awake - very frustrating;  
I got up at 11 on Tues & went  
to the bank; the necessary  
papers for the loan had been  
forwarded here to NYC so I  
couldn't pick up my money;  
how annoying - I shall be



obliged to conduct this loan  
negotiation through the mail -  
I was so distraught I went  
looking for spoons - At the  
Loy Antique Shop; the House of  
Bargains; and Bauman's  
Junk yard - 4 new treasures  
I got - a Tiffany spoon; a  
1795 English Spoon + 2 Sheffield  
Spoons (W. Colley) - very old  
& I'm sure very valuable -  
I haven't checked them out  
yet; I spent the late PM  
with Russel - very fun -  
9 more pups; more pigeons -  
we sent up a flight for a  
while; more parrots -  
Young ones; exuberant  
youth & all that - I  
enjoyed it immensely -  
I had dinner with Russ &  
Ann - we talked & talked



Russ put on Montrose radio station -  
Jerome Towne was singing; a very  
nice gesture on Russell's part;  
When I went home (with 3  
dozens of fresh eggs) Mom &  
Dad were watching television -  
flors - wall to wall carpet in  
the living room - new ceiling -  
very nice; I watched Caillat's  
show on the olympics - went  
to bed; B - insomnia; I  
got up around 11 & had lunch  
with Mom & Dad - we had  
a very nice time - I showered  
Mom gave me some sheets &  
pillow case; some bus money;  
Dad handed me some money  
across the dinner table while  
Mom was in the Club room -  
we all understand each other  
so well; an entirely pleasant  
two day at home - I plan



to return in a couple of weeks  
and see the leaves; the  
bus ride back I read more  
of the Ambassadors - I  
thought - about taking  
Mom + Dad to the opera; about  
inviting Russ + Ann + Nip  
for the day; about Mypel;  
about New York - friends;  
very nostalgic & very  
pleasant. At 830 I was  
at 321; I was tired &  
slightly ill à l'estomac -  
I called Earl - he answers  
demain; called Sheryl -  
I + Kate - I will go to  
Manhasset on Sunday  
with them to the art  
show - maybe Sheryl  
will come along; I'll be  
two days sans nouvelles  
recounted - Russ Rfald



Called on Mon - I had a talk -  
his book will be published soon.  
by Prog - they are paying -  
excellent - he will be index  
at MLA in December -  
Tomorrow I will work on getting  
my re-draft of Chapter one out  
to John & get myself well  
into writing again.

Sept 28 - Mon - work on Chapt 1; Earl arrive at 730;  
dinner home - excellent  
Sept 29 - Fri - Steve search at Mary + Gertrude; Earl  
see spools at bank; lunch Gertrude  
dinner for 7  
Sept 30 - Sat - Earl leaves for Glauwa; airport; Henry James  
Oct 1 - Sun - Mary's show at 930 AM; Chg Rodko's  
later in evening  
Oct 2 - Mon - complete Chapt 1; Zeno, hair cut at  
Farhood  
Oct 3 - Tue - Revised Chapt 1 out; Yshwa; type part 1  
of Rounding Paper.

I spent a good day (28th) reworking  
my first Chapter and got most of it  
re-typed - Muriel from Dorchester  
came up about 530 to tell me  
about the "building con - man".



who claims to need money  
for an ill friend etc; I met  
the fellow from across the  
hall - pleasant - I think I'll  
give him the plant from  
the tub - the big margold -  
he seems to like plants much;  
I went to get and met Earl  
at 720 from Poughkeepsie;  
we had a very pleasant dinner  
here at 321 - pepper steak,  
spinach & bean soup de vin;  
a thoroughly delightful dinner -  
we talked of the "Cruise à Tilton"  
among other things; I think  
it's good that Earl is not  
going to return there avant  
de partir - His parents have  
some thinking to do and  
they will only do so if they are  
forced into it - we listened  
to music all evening -



Antoin Cabaret & Mahler, - I  
slept well and long; on Fri AM  
we got up - c'est tout - in the early  
PM we went to the bank so I could  
deposit 12 new spoons & so I could  
get \$20. for Ear to borrow - we  
spent an hour or so at the bank  
and Ear seemed very interested  
in the spoons - I was pleased;  
we then went to the NY Public  
so Ear could have a look at  
the building - then it was  
off to Mary's - seeking boots -  
we had lunch there at the  
Dutch Partry - two daffy  
dams from the Cosmetics  
Dept. at Mary's (the Window  
Shop) sat next to us & began  
to chat freely to us - they  
admired our jewelry and  
gave us some Calopo samples  
commented on everything



they saw all about them;  
were thoroughly daffy &  
enthusiastically of the  
Jewish persuasion; after  
lunch we went to Gumbel's -  
as at Mary's - no boats that  
interested me - we walked  
up 7th Avenue - stopping  
here & there looking for boats -  
no luck - at 50th street  
we got the bus to 80th &  
went to Zabars to buy  
dinner - Mocher Cheese,  
grape leaves stuffed with  
rice; stuffed derring;  
pain fraisan; pate;  
dankish salame - &  
made a custard pie &  
a lovely salad - &  
was delighted that  
I did - Bill, Chris,  
Rosamunde & Genette



joined us - Joel brought the  
last 2 back with him from  
a Fr Dept cocktail party - we  
had a lovely dinner & I was  
heavily complimented -  
Naturally I loved it; Earl  
seemed "a part" of the whole  
dinner - apparently his  
thoughts were in Geneva -  
the evening went on -  
Roz & Jeanette left at midnight -  
Earl slept - at 10:30 Bill &  
Chris & Joel & I watched "The  
Invaders & the Body Snatchers" -  
Scary but not as bad as I  
thought it was going to be -  
perhaps I am getting used to  
watching horror stories on  
television - when Lou &  
Maud left Earl, Joel & I  
had a nice chat until  
quite late - music was the



pumpkin topi - on Sat  
we got up late - lunch -  
scrambled eggs, tomatoe -  
Earl & I got Earl's things  
together & went to East  
Side Airlines Terminal -  
out to JFK - we were  
there about 1 1/2 hrs about  
his flight; we more or  
less re-capped the summer -  
mentally & not verbally -  
I saw Earl to his plane  
& we parted - feeling  
very close - I made  
it back to 321 in 1 hr.

flat - En route I thought  
about our friendship &  
how enduring it is -  
Earl is my friend of  
longest duration - I  
treasure his friendship  
On Sun PM I got up



at 8 to go to the Mouhasset  
Show with Kate & Kostya - &  
droue - great day - Kate &  
Kostya had done some buying  
On Sat - Clothes - records &  
a dish <sup>clothes</sup> washer & dryer - a  
significant purchase; they  
are enjoying the fruits of  
the Fall Village Show which  
was very lucrative for them,  
Sun was very cold & it was  
cold when we were setting  
out the pictures in front of  
the Lerner shop in the  
Americana Shopping Center  
on Northern Boulevard -  
the people who attended  
the show were largely  
repulsive "nouveau riche" -  
primarily Jewish & definitely  
philistines; Earl must  
have been tired - he was



travelling all night —  
Sheyl came to the show  
and she & I went to  
a Flea Market nearby —  
rather good — we snuck  
in & didn't have to pay;  
lovely — I bought  
6 knives & 6 forks —  
all Norwegian — Reed & Boston  
not sterling but lovely —  
we parked up around  
Park — it was a bad  
day — only 1 or 2 paintings  
did K & K sell — Sutor  
Kostya was angry —  
we went by car &  
had dinner & a thoroughly  
enchanting evening —  
Kostya recounted the  
story of Russlan & Ludmila —  
actually a Russian  
Snow White — story —



was a marvelous raconteur;  
K & K gave me the dancing  
birds; I think that I will  
commission Kate to do some  
paintings and give them as  
Christmas gifts - maybe  
to Ann & Mom & Laurie & April  
& William - I'm not sure -  
It will require more thought;  
Left the Rodko's around 1230  
and we will see each other  
on Friday at Jerry & Peter's at  
dinner; On Monday I completed  
my revision of Chapter 1 & got it  
ready for zipping - I went  
up to the Farhoods around  
930 & stayed at 115th & B'way  
& had it ziped - all set to  
send off to John - Chris  
cut my hair - she did  
a great job - the last  
time I had it cut was in



April in Washington when  
Kathleen did it; I spent  
an hour or 2 with the  
Farhoods - very pleasant -  
we talked of psychology etc  
& dreams & Freud & Bion  
gave me a ride back to 321

On the cycle - I'm still  
scared on it but am getting  
used to it; I did my  
cover letter to John &  
on Tues at noon mailed  
it out at the 105th St  
post office - at Park Rockaway  
I went today - the  
kids were reasonably  
tractable beyond 'hah' -  
the seniors were taking  
my picture; I shall  
give them an exam  
soon and whip them  
into shape; I gave



2 duties today; tomorrow I will  
get a check from Yeshua - I  
wonder what amount it will  
be for - I certainly can use the  
money at this point; Coor  
I typed the first half of  
Jul's Roudy paper - an  
agonizing experience - must  
to be underlined, quoted etc -  
to be continued demand I  
suppose.

- Oct 4 - Wed - boots; Yeshua check - 6 mois barri  
Oct 5 - Thurs - opera; <sup>dinner at Steak & Brew at 68th St.</sup> spoon at Far Rockaway  
Oct 6 - Fri - dinner at Jerry's; AMA.  
Oct 7 - Sat - worked at 321; dinner at Fairbrook  
Oct 8 - Sun - dinner at Roz's; antiques at 26th St.  
Oct 9 - Far Rockaway; Beneshan on the train

Wed - my bi-annual shoe purchase -  
a gorgeous pair of Frye boots at a place  
on B'way and 116th - \$37.50 - not a bad



ping & love them - they seem  
to give me a whole new orientation  
in walking; perhaps I ought  
to buy new shoes more often; I  
got check #1 at Yeshiva - \$250 -  
apparently I will be paid for  
6 months & not 5 - I would  
prefer the latter because then  
I could live off the salary -  
as it is, I will have to supplement  
my income with loans -  
Maybe I can win the  
lottery - that would be  
lovely; On Monday I  
got a ride with the Tutoring  
teacher at Far Rockaway to  
67th St & Boyd Ave in Queens -  
that saves me about 20-30  
minutes on my homeward  
expedition from the depths  
of Queens - On my way  
to school today I bought



the great ladle & the two super  
serving spoons at the store on  
Central Ave in Far Rockaway — \$18  
for all three — a tremendous deal —  
all three clearly are worth \$60-80 —  
I simply can't stop myself from  
buying silver — Bolgar would  
admire my mania at the  
moment — I met Joel at  
Steak & Brew at 68th & B'way —  
we dined sumptuously &  
dearly — \$7 — but it was  
great fun — Prime ribs end cut —  
mushies & all the beer & salad  
one wants — we were somewhat  
pressé — we had tickets at  
the Met for La Traviata —  
Tucci, Kraus & Milner — a  
great joy to be at the Opera  
again — Joel & I are such  
perfect opera companions —  
an enthusiastic mixture



of maintenance & expertise —  
I love it; Fri was most  
unusual — I went to the  
bank around 2 — deposited  
my Yeshiva check & the \$20  
that Ead borrowed — then  
off to AMH — Sheryl & Sharon  
were in good form as  
was Richard — Phil was  
"distant" — It seems that  
Friday was Caroline's last  
day — She got a new job —  
I tentatively agreed to  
have lunch at AMH on Fri  
of next week — Who  
knows what will happen —  
I walked to Carnegie Hall  
after AMH & picked up  
some brochures & then to  
Lincoln Center for the  
same purpose — I came  
to 321 & got ready to



go to Jerry's & Peter's at 82nd —  
Kate & Kostya were there — we  
had a grand evening — I  
brought Jerry some patted Basil  
& I & P some pictures that I took  
when we visited the Countess  
Tolstoi — They seemed appreciative  
dinner was a grand experience —  
all through dinner all I  
could think was that  
Kate & I were acting very  
Jameson — we worked the  
proper characters in almost  
any of his novels — Kostya  
at last got very quiet — Jerry  
seemed nervous; we  
left at 11 & got the train  
uptown. I slept very  
late on Sat & then did  
some work in the late PM —  
Jul & I had dinner Chez les  
Farhood — we contributed



our duck (one of Russell's —  
much better in quality than  
the duck that the Farhoods  
bought) — the Farhoods  
did the serving — the  
silver & crystal were in  
great abundance —  
We ate at 10 or so —  
I carved — & beautifully —  
I might add — The  
evening came to an end  
shortly after dinner —  
Chris fell asleep — So  
what else is new — I  
Bill, Joel & I did the  
dishes & shortly thereafter  
we left; Sunday I woke  
up not feeling like I wanted  
to do much so I went to  
the Flea Market at 6th  
Ave & 26th St — I met  
by chance — Sheryl & Alan



we did the show - they were  
in a "promenade mood" - I  
bought 5 spoons - 1790's - [BLR] -  
lovely -  $\frac{8}{10}$  for all 5 - we walked  
down 6th Ave & I got the train  
at 14th street uptown & got ready  
for dinner at Roz's - She  
wanted to borrow my fondue  
pot - OK - the dinner took  
place at Jeannette's apt on  
104th <sup>West End Ave</sup> ~~lute Riverside Drive~~ &  
B'way - Spacious but  
scantily furnished & bleak -  
the dinner crowd was mixed -  
Wayne, Nina, Fran, - all students,  
Mico - a reeking South African  
who harangued us on  
"inner space" and his  
anti-Catholic attitude - a  
real loser - he seems to be  
convinced that he is the  
first person in the history



of the guest who has doubted  
religion; he is anti - unity  
also - I suspect he failed  
out of one at one point;  
we had fondue bourgeoise  
& rata bouille for dinner -  
followed by a lovely brie  
and some walnut covered  
cheese - the evening  
never really got itself all  
together - very stiff &  
awkward - I would  
have been depressed if  
all that took place  
chez moi; now was  
routine - I taught  
at Meshwa - gave 3  
lectures - ran into  
Armand Bendahan - a  
Fr 3 student of mine  
from Morocco - on the  
A train - he seems to



he "sympathique" - I finished  
"No Turning the Screw" (so soon -  
I didn't really like it at all -  
I don't think that James really  
did well in the ghost story  
domain - it's not his thing -  
he's much better & totally  
enthralling in the Europe &  
Amer. anti-these question -  
I believe I shall re-read  
the American - And recall  
it - it is superb - I am  
waiting for John to return  
my revised Chapt 1 and for  
that reason have not been  
overly concerned with getting  
to the typewriter with  
Chateaubriand - I am  
convinced I can finish  
the Chateaubriand Chapter  
in about a week once I  
start - hopefully de ma.



Oct 10 - Tues } Reed American, Yeshiva - OK;  
Oct 11 - Wed } Chat. in the evenings.

Oct 12 - Thurs - Chap 1 back - all OK, Yeshiva

tues  
for 3  
days } Oct 13 - Fri AMH - Eds Japanese; Farhoods  
Oct 14 - Sat. - Livingston

Oct 15 - Sun. - Long Beach

Oct 16 - Mon - Yeshiva - Chateaubriand - <sup>trailer</sup> ~~freed~~ over <sup>Jamaica</sup> ~~Boys~~

Oct 17 - Tues - Yeshiva - Chat - New E + A train  
→ Earl call at 730 AM - he + Monique  
are engaged to be married on  
April 14 - I will be best man  
D+E's b'day - I called

The 10 + 11th were routine - I taught  
my little Cherubs at Yeshiva -  
such all-mannered, Mal Elene's  
little abnoxious bits - It's  
hardly a pedagogical experience  
more sociological than any-  
thing else. I toged with  
Chateaubriand and began  
the American - Super novel -  
I finished it today - It  
has been about 8 years



I must read it - it's one of James' best in my opinion; far superior to the Ambassadors. Alas on Thurs. I got Chapl. back from John - not a single correction anywhere - he seemed to be delighted - that set me off - I began to work on Chateaubriand immediately - at the moment I have 12 pages done and will certainly have the whole Chapter revised & sent in in about 10 days - hopefully - On Friday I deposited my check (PHEA) and had lunch with Sheryl & Sharon at Edo Japanese Restaurant on 51st; Before so doing I went to Parke Bernet and looked at the American Silver which was auctioned off today - quite nice altho there were not many spoons - some nice ones



was there however — for  
some reason I couldn't  
get it all together & go  
to the actual auction today  
identity crisis — lack of  
money or whatever —  
next time I'll go — hopefully  
I will have more job  
security by the next auction  
I may even have a job  
for next fall teaching in  
a university & not this  
wretched Yeshiva —

Anyhow — I waited for over  
a half hour for Sheryl & Sharon  
inside the restaurant — they  
understood me to mean  
we would meet in the lobby  
of DMK — I finally went  
looking for them and  
found them in the lobby —  
pleasant lunch — they



gave me the weekly report at  
DMA - Richard is separated from  
his wife. Seemed to be the news  
of the week; I left there &  
went à la banque - deposited  
PHEA loan & went home -

Jul's friend George arrived  
about 500 PM - an hour  
earlier than he said he was going  
to - nice guy - stockbroker  
from Wall St - we had dinner  
at the Parkoods - When George  
arrived he said I was slightly  
drunk - I had begun to drink  
gin when I got back from  
downtown & was partially  
"gris" When we arrived at  
the Parkoods - Chun  
made spaghetti & butter & bacon  
I made a salad; we  
watched a Bogart movie -  
My Big Sleep - Bogart made



me out with his self-righteous  
attitude, throughout the movie.  
After the movie George & I  
did the dishes — Chin  
watched — (a few days  
later Chin had the gall to  
say that I did a bad  
job of washing the dishes —  
the bitter wine — she'll  
hear about all that) —  
Jill & Bill discussed "What  
is Modern art!" — we  
all joined in — the evening  
broke up around 10 or so —  
George went in a cab to  
Murray Hill; I was tired  
and I went to bed rather  
early knowing that I  
would have to get up early  
on Saturday to go to Livingston  
to see Jay & Nance — I  
got the 1020 train from



GET arrived in Livingston at  
1102 - Jay met me - we  
three spent a lovely day -  
Jay had a job as a junior executive  
at Berlitz in Manhasset -  
they will not go to France  
this year - we had lunch -  
I gave them <sup>copies of</sup> pictures that I  
had taken a year ago <sup>ago</sup> day - they  
were pleased - As were  
his parents - his parents  
spent the day at a Penn State  
Football game at West Point -  
we (Jay, Name, Robbe, Jeff)  
went to a football game  
at Bryan Hills - Robbe  
played - the game was  
an incredible trip backward  
in time for me - It was  
right out of the 50's - Charleaders,  
Pompoms, crepe paper parades -  
enthusiasm everywhere - Super



jobs on the grid iron; it was  
a lovely autumnal day - the  
leaves had just begun to turn -  
the game was about 20 miles from  
Livington - I really enjoyed  
the autumn ride; we  
returned to Livington via a  
grocery - the Houghtons bought  
sausage & noodles & a bottle of  
wine - Côte de Rhône - I  
also bought one as well as  
some pâté with truffles,  
Danish cheese etc. - a very  
sumptuous dinner - I  
got tired but got my  
second wind early -  
we watched a bit of television  
and then Jay's parents  
returned - they had a nice  
day at West Point - I  
think they were a bit  
embreathed - surtout la mère



Who strikes me as being terribly  
suburban & slightly phony. Jay &  
Name drove me to the 1046 train  
and I returned to 321 W103  
about midnight - very tired -  
I got up at 715 and went  
up to Kate & Kostya's & we  
confronted the water crisis  
in their bathroom - Malheur -  
well Kate had decided to spend  
the day home & make sure the  
water didn't go crazy - Kostya  
& I went out to Long Beach to  
visit Yuri (Kostya's son) &  
sa famille - tremendous  
people - I'm very fond of  
them and am planning on  
visiting them soon - it will  
be easy for me to go there from  
Yeshiva - c'est à dire pas -  
Helen Frankelstein - the secretary  
As Yeshiva has volunteered



to drive me out to Long  
Beach after work — we  
spent the after noon watching  
Yuri install a radio in  
Kate & Kostya's car — he  
is tremendous — he reminds  
me somewhat of Russell —  
his wife Diane is very nice  
but a youngish — Yuri  
is a mechanic for TWA at  
JFK — we talked much of  
airports and airplanes —  
I loved it — Yuri left  
for work at 4:30 & Kostya  
& I left for Manhattan  
Shortly thereafter — I drove  
wedged Northern Blvd — through  
New Bridge etc — Kate  
was in a good mood —  
the water hadn't erupted  
all day — we relaxed  
the day & chatted until



about 930 - Kostya slept a bit &  
Kate prepared dinner - Beef  
Stroganoff & applesauce -  
we used my Russian spoon  
for the applesauce - I was  
pleased; Kate & Kostya are  
very fond of Yuri - which  
I can understand; K & K  
told me of their auto accident  
from which they left the  
scene of the crime - happily  
they walked out even tho  
someone took down their number  
& the police were involved;  
we will see each other this  
coming weekend at the Parade  
Drive all show - Mon A.M.  
I slept soundly - Targat in  
the afternoon - the subway  
tracks across Jernama Bay  
have finally been repaired  
and I am making the



Try now in shortly over an hour;  
This AM at 730 Call from  
Geneva Suisse - Earl & Monique  
will be married on April 14 -  
I will be best man - naturally  
I will go - Our conversation  
was brief & fun - I  
am delighted with the  
news - I shall write  
to Earl this week about  
it all - On my way  
to Yeshiva today I rode  
in a new "E" train -  
lovely; on my return I  
had a new "H" train - a  
great pleasure - Much  
better than the p.o. WWT  
iron boxes that usually  
run on that line; I am  
currently negotiating for a  
part time job as Foreman  
I shall call I'll remain.



Called DE & mates - birthday greeting  
we may have dinner next week -  
I'm not very excited about  
the prospect of it all; a  
surprise party was planned  
for tonight. Would choose  
not to attend - Jay &  
Kathleen will arrive this  
Sunday for a few days' visit.

Wed - Oct 18 - pleasant chat with Mrs. Hedrick; Yeshiva  
Thurs Oct 19 - Knox's arrival; pizza

Fri Oct 20 - Enville arrives; Knox; Curried Chicken

Sat Oct 21 - Murderer; 321 + Knox; Chuan Hong.

Sun Oct 22 - Sunday Times; Worked at Home

Mon Oct 23 - Day off - Veterans Day - Worked at Home

Tues Oct 24 → Yeshiva; Evening of Work  
Kate & Kostya's for evening

Wed Oct 25 - Continued day at Yeshiva; met teacher at 67th St.  
Ditto Machine broke at Yeshiva - no repair

Thurs Oct 26 - lovely day - pleasant at Yeshiva -  
Opera - Wagner - Gen. opera Choral and Joel

Fri Oct 27 - finished chat; Went to Columbus - met  
Joel - Cathy - Tomatoes

Sat Oct 28 - 34 work - planted morning glories



On the 18th I called Mrs. Hedrick & asked  
her to send the good things from my  
dossier to Father Sealy at Fordham —  
I may get a job out of all this —  
who knows — He was not really  
encouraging on the phone but I  
may work out; lovely chat with  
Mrs H — she is just as cordial now  
as she was 3 yrs ago when I left  
IU — She may be one of my future  
allies in getting a job — a few  
days afterwards she sent a note  
to me stating what she had  
done in reference to my phone  
call — I shall have to request  
a Certificate of ABD from the  
Good School at IU — apparently  
it is some formal type of  
diploma — I never received  
one; Yeshiva — what can I  
say — the little monsters were  
not terribly intimidating today —



On the 19th the Knox's arrived - rather more fun - we spent the evening in with the television - the favourite past time of the Knox's! They are about the easiest guests one could have - they are completely entertained if the television is on & they have a copy of Screw to read - they are more sedentary than Jack & that is possible - I made a pizza which I thought was very good - the Crust was particularly good à la Mon avis; I don't seem to recall just what we watched on the TV - it just went on & on - I got tired of watching the television; we went to bed late - around noon the Knox's were up - I got some tea & English muffins pour notre petit déjeuner -



the typical guest breakfast -  
Jay, Kathleen & I then, went  
inville - stop at  
Carnegie Hall - they gave  
wouldn't take one of my  
Travelers Checks & then  
off to book stores - I  
finally got a copy of  
The Beautiful & the  
Damned by Fitzgerald  
it was on Jay's recommendation  
it is his favourite novel  
and I believe now that  
it is mine - utterly  
fantastic - Fitzgerald  
seems to be a combination  
of Sinclair Lewis & Henry  
James - what could be  
more delightful. I am  
just about through with  
it now and will doubtless  
want to read more of



Fitzgerald in the future;  
Jay wanted to walk along 42nd  
betw 5th & 8th Ave - that we  
did - tacky Kinty & all -  
we stopped at a King Karol  
Record Shop & I bought 3  
Novemur Records for \$5 -  
a Mozart mass; Nielsen's  
Symphony No 5 & Bach's  
Aurting Cantata - I am  
pleased with all of them - what  
a bit of good luck - particularly  
when I bought all 3 not  
knowing exactly what they  
sounded like; we took the  
104 bus met Joel at Columbia -  
returned to 321 buying dinner en  
route - Curried rice & fried suppers  
de volaille - very good - I arranged  
it on a platter with tomatoes, cran -  
berry sauce, broccoli etc - very  
sumptuous in appearance -



Wuthering Heights was on —  
great movie — Jay doesn't  
like it & doesn't watch — Jally  
Kathleen & I watched in close  
attention — the end really  
Chokes me up a good deal —  
to bed, to bed; On Sat we  
got started late — went to  
8th or thereabout to a place  
called Murder Ink! — It  
has nothing but mystery  
books — the store is replete  
with a black cat & a grey  
one as well — Joe, & the Karv's  
were really entertained — I  
observed — We all then  
walked back to 321 — having  
cancelled our East Side  
promenade — dinner at  
Chuan Hong — the food didn't  
strike me as being very good  
tongue — greasy or



Something - It was a bad night  
for the restaurant apparently -  
more television at B21 - The  
Knox's got up on Sun AM & left -  
all in all it was a very pleasant  
visit - they are absolutely no  
trouble at all when they visit -  
Emphatically, they do not have  
to be entertained; Joel & Joey  
politely "spared" all weekend -  
linguistically of course; after  
their departure my day was  
reasonably academic - I  
read some of the *Beautique of the  
Damned* & then withdrew;  
The 23rd was Veterans day  
and I stayed home - no  
school at Yeshiva - it was  
largely academic all day  
long - the 24th I returned to  
Yeshiva - rah! - the school  
is a pedagogic nightmare - the



Kids are in school from 730 AM  
until about 6 PM - much too  
long a day - that I explain  
why they are so un-wild at  
3 PM - they were particularly  
wild on Wednesday - In  
addition the dett machine  
was not in operation -  
I was disgusted by the  
lack of structure & discipline in  
the school and was on  
the point of walking out &  
never returning - I met  
a teacher at the subway  
platform at 67th St in  
Parkway - it seems  
that the ties in the tracks  
(2 of them) were on fire -  
everyone on the platform  
started to look & call out -  
that is how I came to  
be talking with the teacher



He teaches the emotionally disturbed  
in a school in Far Rockaway - we  
chatted on the train - he was  
reasonably sympathetic but  
slightly weird - I've never  
seen him before or since; I  
returned to 329 & got myself ready  
for a visit to Kate & Kostya -  
I wore my great coat & my  
semi precious pendant - Kate  
admitted both of them - we  
examined the Russian spoon  
(1873) that Kostya found in  
a flea market on the East Side -  
It is a companion piece to  
the one I have lent to  
K & K for a year; we drank  
lush tea & ate lush fruit cake -  
Kate has lost 17 pounds; Vera  
from Lystane came down -  
She is also Russian - I'm  
not terribly fond of her but



She was pleasant enough all evening long; a rather remarkably thick Russian accent when she speaks English - it seems she has 5 cats - one of which is 18; and 2 mentally disturbed daughters etc; I stayed much too late - I didn't get home until about 2 AM - much fatigue - Monday at Yeshiva was the anniversary of Lued - Rabbi Brofman took my dictos & had them run off for me at a place in town - beautiful job - the little monster didn't seem to like the exams too much - a few did OK & hope - I a pleasant chat with Rabbi Brofman about my PhD - very sympathetic - I



Mr. Mus. I got a crazy delightful card from  
Earl + Muriel - they are obviously delighted  
about their forthcoming marriage.

fell just the opposite on leaving  
Yeshiva on Thursday - In record  
time I made it to Steak + Beer  
at 68 + B'way - Joel + I had  
dinner there before going to  
see Liebaufpläne - dinner  
was good - very good - the  
opera was boring + awful -  
Joel + I got into a heated  
discussion into acts 1 + 2  
about German opera - I  
told (rather, accused) him  
of being negative about German  
opera because he was Jewish -  
etc etc. - We almost got  
mad at each other - the  
opera was not very good -  
the sets were un-inspired -  
too much dialogue in the  
opera; about 30 scene  
changes - the character  
Papageno (J. Upman) was



Very well played — As was  
the Queen of the Night —  
(her <sup>big</sup> aria is great) — the  
overture to the opera is  
typically Mozart — Joel &  
I were much amused at  
it was played — Joel & I  
managed to smooth out our  
"operative discussion" from  
during the "Entre'acte" — the  
evening ended calmly — I  
read more of Fitzgerald &  
fell soundly asleep and  
slept rather late on Friday —  
I got up and finished the  
Chateaubriand Chapter — Helo —  
I then went up to the  
photo copy place on B'way at  
114th St — before going  
there I went over to  
Joel's office and found  
Joel & Cathy at the



tea room - we returned to 321 -  
dinner - the odd couple, more  
television & work - I got  
myself organized a bit on the  
Chateaubriand chapter and -  
(no, not Chateaubriand but  
Stendhal) hope to get that  
out of the way with good  
speed - I ate a whole  
box of mashed potatoes and  
we do meetre an bit - Joel  
talked for about an hour  
of his & Calvin's first trip  
to Europe - very amusing -  
Calvin had planned before  
leaving to visit all of Western  
Europe, the Near East &  
North Africa - all that in  
3 months; very amusing -  
we retired at 4 PM - I  
slept very badly - probably  
the mashed potatoes - &



On Fri & Cloro. nat to attend a luncheon  
at HMH to honor Richard German's promotion —  
I'm fond of Richard but the people who agreed he  
at the luncheon (Ralph etc) turned me off to the idea.

got up at 1030 or so; began  
reading La Chartreuse — did  
so much of the afternoon —  
I'm wrote today — Sylvia  
is Amy Stata - Paris — in  
Colorado; I called her —  
she will come for a visit  
on the 8th of November on  
her way back to Dorset —  
I'm looking forward to it all;  
I went out for groceries at  
about 5 — rain — torrential  
rain — I bought a bracket  
for the morning glory — "Hanging  
gardens of Babylon" — in the  
North window & assembled  
it — gorgeous — as one says;  
I have planted 40 seeds  
in 8 butter tubs — I hope  
they grow well — it seemed  
be rather impressive —  
Tomorrow I will go to



Mystr, Conventus with Kate, Kostya,  
 Jerry & Peter - we will be leaving  
 at 8 AM remain water - the  
 clocks go back 1 hour tonight  
 so it shouldn't seem so wretched  
 getting up that early. Coosie  
 Joel talked with Russ Pfohl for  
 about 1 1/2 hours - all seems to  
 be well in Indiana - i.e. -  
 bag screwed up & bag OK -  
 So what else is new.

Sun - Oct 29 - Kate, Kostya, Peter, Jerry & I  
 Mystr; Dinner on Homestead, dinner  
 Mon - Oct 30 } Yeshiva <sup>tree</sup> } read & exceptions.  
 Tues - Oct 31 } Television }  
 } Meier }  
 Wed - Nov 1  
 Thurs - Nov 2 - Mrs Palloway - ugh, Yeshiva  
 Fri - Nov 3 - Brooklyn College, interview; Lunch - Sheryl  
 Tickets for Pippin; Dinner - Farhoods  
 Sat - Nov 4 - Joel's parents visit; Mamma Leone's  
 Sun - Nov 5 - Yuri's birthday party  
 Mon - Nov 6 - Exam Yeshiva; Saw Betty Davis at  
 New School.  
 Tues - Nov 7 - Election day - Yeshiva



Sylvia Ann

Wed - Nov 8 - Nixon won; torrential rain - Yeshiva  
Mun - Nov 9 - I'm not going to Yeshiva; bank;  
Fri - Nov 10 - <sup>Bezdoff</sup> - Julia's opera  
→ Julia's; Gene's; Clontar; Jay's home  
Sat - Nov 11 - Phila - moving - Great Neck  
Sun - Nov 12 - Great Neck - Julia & Mura Salerni  
Mon - Nov 13 - Got tickets for Boheme, Yeshiva

Wow - over 2 weeks have elapsed since I  
took pen in hand - they have been very  
good weeks & that explains the lapse -  
doubtless. Now - back to Myrtle -  
Kate & Kostya picked me up on  
Riverside Drive around 8 AM & we  
drove up to Myrtle Connecticut (29th) -  
the drive up was very pleasant -  
we had several houses to look in -  
a perfectly delightful structure  
Kostya drove - we went up  
along the coast - arrived in  
Myrtle about 11 AM & stopped  
in a Howard Johnson's for  
dinner - it struck us all as



being very bucolic & untouched; the  
people at H.J.'s seemed so untouched  
& polite & all-American - it was  
almost scary - Our jaded NYC  
psyches had to re-adjust; Kostya  
was very tired from the drive &  
when we entered the parking lot  
of H.J.'s he ran over a road sign -  
pas de crise - we then went to  
Myrta harbor - lovely - \$3 to  
get in - assy Chei but worth it;  
malheureusement il pleuvait -  
we went in several of the Colonial  
shops and aboard some of the  
Whaling boats - Peter & I went  
into the vault of the old bank -  
a stone forteresse - we didn't  
dally too much because we  
wanted to visit the Denison  
Homestead nearby - Kate's  
ancestral home; we drove over  
(going on Denison Boulevard) &



found the place closed —  
we were all (except Kate)  
in despair; I suggested we  
go back in town and try  
and get some keys; I made  
a few phone calls explaining  
that I was traveling with  
Kate Dennison & that we had  
made an expedition to visit  
the Homestead — we got the  
key — Kate was very delighted  
as we all were — Another  
Dennison showed us through  
the house — a lovely old 17th C.  
homestead — lovely 17th C.  
London plaster & furnishings;  
the kitchen was one of the  
outstanding rooms — great  
fireplace; we spent an hour  
also visiting the place & then  
went to the Inn at Mystic  
and had dinner — seafood;



I had a drink called Grog & loved  
it; also black bean soup; we ate  
abundantly and then drove back  
to NYC - I drove - Arriving back  
in NYC I got confused and  
went over the Throgs Neck Bridge -  
I thought we were crossing  
into NYC from Long Island I  
instead we were coming  
south from Conn. - an amusing  
error that was soon corrected;  
we got back around 10PM & were  
all completely exhausted; Mon -  
thru Sunday was routine  
I probably worked a bit on  
my dissertation and such -  
Yeshiva was not memorable -  
I did begin reading Mrs  
Dalloway of Virginia Woolf -  
which I did not like at all -  
much too modern for me -  
I prefer more sociological &



19th C type texts; Friday was  
memorable — I went for an  
interview at Brooklyn College  
with J. Robert Joy — the whole  
trip out to Flatbush Ave really  
turned me on — Joy was encouraging  
at the interview — It lasted  
only 30 minutes — I may  
get a course to teach next  
semester — Wouldn't that be  
lovely — I should know  
soon — When I finished at BC  
I went to Manhattan Comm.  
College at 51st Street —  
that interview was similarly  
encouraging — I have  
a feeling it may produce  
something, altho the market  
is awfully tight at the  
moment; Cheryl & I had  
a lunch walk — we  
went to the bank &



I showed Sheryl the valet etc —  
we walked up to Steak & Brew  
on 52nd St — In 3 hour lunch —  
we chatted warmly & freely —  
I enjoy being with Sheryl —  
She told me of her trip to Phila  
to an art show — it sounds  
rather interesting; I left  
and went to the Imperial  
Theatre for tickets for Pippin  
(Russell & Ann's Christmas  
presents). — thereupon I returned  
to 32/W103 and relaxed for a  
bit — off to dinner at the  
Parkoods — Joel's concubine  
(la jeune française dont je  
me souviens me rappelle bien)  
was there; Chris made a  
rather bland dinner — it  
seems it was a kind of  
Christ-hen quiche — most bland;  
I really wasn't up for the



Whole evening, I felt  
detached from everyone there;  
I wanted - not speak - to be  
alone; On Sat & the next day -  
Jack's parents arrived - I  
went to Dutch for some  
deli food - we lunched  
abundantly on the usual -  
Corned beef; salami, pastame,  
olives, potato salad & wine -  
they were all pleased - Uncle  
Edgely stayed here & Jack's  
parents & Shelly went to the  
Barbizon Plaza - very very  
in; we found them there  
at 730 & went (entaxi) -  
Can you see me hailing a cab  
in front of the Barbizon Plaza -  
to Mama Leone's - glut -  
glut - glut - Comme d'habitude  
I over ate - but it was great;  
We spent several hours



lating - after dinner it was  
raining - we had to walk to  
6th Ave for a cab - they all  
complained a bit too much -  
we got the 7th Ave train uptown  
and I went to Mama Joe's  
& bought some tea for Yuri  
& some ice cream for the party  
which would take place on  
Sunday - Uncle Sydney slept  
in the living room - I got  
up rather early on Sunday -  
Kate & Kostya picked me up at  
9 AM - we then got Jerry & Peter  
we had a slow drive out to  
Yuri's in Long Beach - K & K  
were buckering about the  
Kentucky Fried Chicken which  
was closed on 157th St - we  
finally bought some pork  
chops in Long Beach - we  
arrived at Yuri's about



Noon — the new attendant;  
very good to see them again —  
we had a pleasant few hours  
chatting & listening to music —  
I played with Peter & Melissa —  
great fun — Kostya got upset  
with the noise & started  
acting huffy — Yuri loved  
the tea & gave him — Russian  
Caravan tea & Queen Mary tea —  
we drank of it abundantly —  
as we did of champagne &  
Coedunk — I was most  
hungover for two days following  
my imbibitions at Yuri's —  
Yuri decided not to go to  
work & we all started to  
drink again with great  
relish — Kostya played  
chess with Yuri; Jerry Kate  
& Liane chatted à la Cennet;  
Peter, Melissa & I played;



we left Long Beach around 10PM —  
great day — I drove back — we were  
all molto tired; I had to make  
up 3 exams for the little  
monsters at Yeshiva — I was  
exhausted and went to bed  
late — I gave the exam &  
met Sheryl at her apt. on Houston  
street — She had acquired tickets  
for a lecture by Bette Davis at  
the New School — we were about  
to leave for the lecture when  
Sheryl's niece called to announce  
that Mr Gross had disappeared —  
an insulin overdose — he was  
slumped over the wheel of his  
car for 1 1/2 hrs in Queens while  
the good citizens of Queens  
just passed by — he's OK  
thank God — Anyway Sheryl  
didn't go to the lecture — she  
had to stay by the phone —



I arrived at the New School  
about 8 — they oversold  
the lecture and I couldn't  
get in even tho I had a  
ticket — Nonetheless I  
did get to see the Great  
Davis for a few minutes —  
Alas — a day to remember —  
She was in great form &  
I was most disappointed  
that I couldn't get in to  
see the lecture — At any  
rate — I saw her — &  
went back to Sheryl's & we  
talked for a few hours —  
the next day I voted for  
Mr. Youern — Shumer & Beella  
abzug — Nixon (rah!)  
won — how nauseating —  
Happily Beella won —  
My Chems at Yeshiva  
admitted that they were



begated; they all (almost)  
supported Nixon — I consider  
that to be somewhat frightening;  
On Wed - Nov 8 - we had  
torrential rain - I got completely  
soaked on my way out to  
Yeshiva - they were not  
expecting me to show up -  
I felt somewhat sheepish  
for having done so; I met  
Sylvia at East Side Terminal  
on the way back from Yeshiva  
her flight was delayed 2 hrs -  
we met around 8:45 so -  
She obviously recognized me -  
we had a great meeting -  
I decided we would take the  
104 bus uptown - a bad  
choice on my part - it was  
about 1 hr. before we got  
on a bus which only took us  
over to 8th Ave + 42 - from



3rd Ave & 42nd — We could  
have easily taken the train  
but I decided we would  
go by the bus; we didn't  
get back here until about  
11 — I made a yummy  
pinche & we ate about  
midnight; Sylvia & I  
got to know each other —  
I'm very fond of her —  
She's à la fois liberated  
& yet terribly elegant — a  
nice combination; so thus  
loaded in sink & we went  
en route — to the bank for  
a look at the silver —  
Sylvia is most interested  
& a tremendous listener —  
we had a delightful hour  
or so in the vault; we  
then walked up Park Ave  
and over to St. Patrick's —



Rockefeller Center - & then to  
Bergdorf's - She wanted to  
see Selma & Genie, who  
work there - Sylvia handled  
her very beautifully - I was  
delighted - We decided we  
would visit Julia on 76th  
& B'way - Such we did -  
Julia was convinced that  
I was drunk - for 20 min.  
or so we fooled her - it  
was lovely - I went to  
the opera with Gail - Ophéé &  
Eunice - very nice -  
sung by Marilyn Horne -  
It would be a good opera  
to try - Zerain; a good  
deal of Choral work & ballet  
in addition to Marilyn Horne  
made it very enjoyable -  
I went back to Julia's  
après l'opéra - she had a



dinner - very good - meat  
balls & fraise à la crème -  
the entire night we talked  
Julia is a tremendous clown -  
we laughed almost all  
night - When 8:30 AM  
came around Julia went  
to work & Gene, Sylvia & I  
went to Gene's on E. 85th -  
very elegant & all - She  
has a very sa mien Felma -  
very strange - they both  
work at Bergdorf's - we  
had a petit déjeuner chez  
Gene & then went by the  
04 bus to the Cloisters - great  
fun - we laughed & played  
a good deal - we walked  
in the grounds & came  
back here around 3 PM -  
delightfully fun - I was  
silly, urbane & all à la fois



we looked at the David Garbo  
books; Sylvia & Gene were greatly  
interested in David & Garbo's  
Costume — I was tremendously  
turned on because of their interest —  
we talked of Sunset Boulevard  
& All About Eve; Jay & Nancy  
came to put me up around  
5:30 — I said a warm farewell  
to Sylvia & Gene & got into  
Jay & Nancy's Ford LTD & we  
drove to Phila — I was totally  
exhausted — not having  
slept the preceding night —  
Jay & Nancy were really funny  
the way they put up with  
my silliness & General rep-  
state all the way to Phila —  
the trip was sans incident —  
we stopped at a Howard  
Johnson's for dinner — they  
insisted on paying — as they



did throughout the weekend;  
we arrived at Kim's around  
930 - I think - perhaps earlier  
Phila is being completely  
re-modelled for the bicentennial  
it all looks like Georgetown  
Downtown Phila now - very  
nice - Kim is repulsive -  
Shore reminds me of an Ellen  
only worse - totally insincere  
and continually trying to  
impress me - we drank  
a good bit of wine & I  
finally slept after having  
been up for over 60 hours -  
j'étais écrasé. As one  
might imagine; we  
got up about 7AM - I had  
slept about 3½ hours but  
nevertheless feel rather  
good - we drove out to  
Williamstown & puked



up an E-2 haul truck - Speedy  
and loaded it with possessions  
of Jay & Nancy's in storage -  
Gave Uncle Ray - Met Uncle  
Jim etc - a very pleasant -  
We then drove back to Plula  
& began to load up the truck -  
Most of the stuff was 58 ft steps  
up (on the 4th floor) - a very  
exhausting process it was  
loading of the truck - up &  
down counterbalance - an  
uncle of Nancy's dog some people  
as we rappelled to mom was  
a aidé - We were finally  
loaded around 4 PM left  
for NYC - I rode in the truck  
with Jay & Nancy drove the  
car - We drove up the NJ turnpike  
in the rain we crossed the Goethals  
Bridge as well as the Verrazano  
Bridge - the latter is magnificent -



two hired & all — we drove  
the truck through Brooklyn &  
arrived in Great Neck  
around 9 it seems — Name  
was not there yet — Jay was  
understandably alarmed —  
we went over to Jean & Francis's  
& waited — Jay & Name's boss —  
very sympathetic; finally  
Name arrived & we all gave  
out a sigh of relief — then  
began the un-loading process  
up three flights with the  
same stuff all over again —  
J-F was excellent for the task —  
most ambitious and energetic  
we worked on & on —  
too tired to really feel the  
increasing fatigue; finally  
around 11 we finished —  
it seems that Kim has  
misplaced about \$1000 worth



of Jay & Name's stuff; most upsetting;  
J-F & I go for cigarettes; we  
have an omelette & du fromage—  
Jay & J-F play the guitar & I  
collapsed from fatigue; slept  
in the living room of their apt—  
A very nice one I might add—  
in the convertible — J-F  
rang the door at 10 or so AM—  
he brought coffee & donuts—  
I then disappeared — we  
got rid of the truck on  
Northern Boulevard & Jay &  
Name drove me to Manhattan—  
I hadn't been home for 3  
days — I called Julia &  
we went to Riverside Church  
to hear a performance of the  
Missa Solemnis of Beethoven—  
lovely — very well performed—  
Julia & I had dinner at  
The Chinese Restaurant on



B'way & 112th now — a good  
place; I got back to 321  
around 9:30 I had to make  
three sets of exams; very  
tired & fell asleep almost  
immediately; I slept  
until about 11 AM — I  
arrived at Yeshiva in  
good spirits & had a pleasant  
day there — Jack & I had  
dinner — I did get the  
tickets for La Boheme today so  
Mom, Dad & I will be  
going to the opera for  
Christmas — I'm  
delighted by the whole  
idea — I must write &  
tell them; Called Kate —  
we will go to a Russian  
Church & do some antique  
searching on this coming  
Sunday — It has been



A very exciting past two weeks —  
much fun and most rewarding —  
I have a feeling that the past  
two weeks will be seen in  
retrospect as being very important  
for me — I began "This Side of  
Paradise" today — it is  
as much fun as was the  
Beautiful and Damned — there  
could be the beginning of  
a Fitzgerald affair — And  
now to the business of Stendhal  
& Balzac whom I must finish  
before Christmas — that will  
be nice and a wonderful way  
to start the new year —  
it's — with Flaubert. I  
simply have got to — there  
is no choice in the matter  
now, if I want to be essentially  
finished with my thesis in  
April before going to Switzerland.



Nov 14 - Tues }  
 Nov 15 - Wed } Yeshiva -  
 Nov 16 - Thur } I seem to be making converts  
 Nov 17 - Fri } quiz, quiz, quiz -  
 Nov 18 - Sat } pedagogy is different la bas  
 Nov 19 - Sun } dissertation day  
 Nov 20 - Mon } good Shabbat day  
 Nov 21 - Tues } Earns Place, in Bronx, Nyack  
 Nov 22 - Wed } Ruman dinner at Rodko's  
 Nov 23 - Thur } Richard III with Sheryl  
 Nov 24 - Fri } Yoni + Dina after work  
 Nov 25 - Sat } Report cards at Yeshiva - bays  
 Nov 26 - Sun } Mom + Dad won't come to  
 Nov 27 - Mon } NYC; sleep exhausted.  
 Nov 28 - Tues } Mandelbaum; Fashood.  
 Nov 29 - Wed } Sheryl, opera - Lucia  
 Nov 30 - Thur } Westport Conn with Kate Hestya;  
 Dec 1 - Fri } Print her house  
 Dec 2 - Sat } 321 W 103 - Study - Jag + Kane  
 Dec 3 - Sun } stop by; dinner

Yeshiva, it seems, is becoming  
 more tolerable; the little monsters  
 seem to be reacting more positively  
 to my teaching now - they  
 react most positively to the  
 most rote teaching methods -  
 Dad have them study for  
 15-20 minutes & then give  
 them a quiz; they seem to



learn only by a barrage of quizzes;  
that being the case ...; On Friday  
I approached Stenshal again &  
seem to have arrived at an  
approval for that Chapter - Amen -  
I worked very productively on Fri  
& Sat on the idea - It should  
be finalized avant Noël - hopefully;  
As I recall Sat was a codeword -  
probably punctuated by a movie  
or two on the television; On Sun  
I went to Eames Place in the  
Bronx with K+K - K+K had  
had quite a "fight" about  
what way we were to turn  
off the Grand Concourse to get  
to the West Bronx - Kostya  
insisted we go right - Kate  
said no - She was right -  
we finally arrived & it was  
mediocre - I bought some  
French knives and a large



Carving knife with a horn  
handle; we lunched at  
the temple - Is bones  
same gives now out  
Servis - K+K had the  
bug-sie - we drove then  
to Nyack - stopped in  
Calile Antiques - Kostya  
bought a \$6.5 helmet -  
\$2 copper pitcher - Kate  
sought out jewelry -  
we went into the village  
lonely quaint little burg -  
reminded me of New Paltz -  
Art & Crafts Fall; the  
majority of the shops were  
closed yet it struck me  
as a good place - K+K  
are contemplating moving  
there when Kate returns -  
It seems like a wise  
choice - they will



he regretted not settling there;  
I drove back to Manhattan—  
only 18 miles; Kostya had  
made Borscht + Kate made  
Kasha — we had tea from  
a Samovar — Russian folk  
songs in the background —  
a grand evening — we  
all over-ate — What else  
is new. It was late  
when I left — around 1 AM —  
another delightful Sunday  
with the Rodko's — Nothing  
happened all too quickly —  
I taught + then met  
Sheryl Chz. etc — we  
dined on Sausage + Rice<sup>fried</sup> —  
very good — at that point  
we went to the Murray  
Hill theatre to see Richard  
III with Olivier, Gielgud,  
Claire Bloom, Richardson



+ Hardwille - Excellent -  
Richard II was a monster -  
un-scrupulous in the  
most exaggerated manner;  
Shakespeare's history plays  
were all directed at  
showing how great the  
Tudors (Eliz I) were -  
a kind of propaganda -  
Shakespeare was such a  
success because the English  
people have (or had) gotten  
used to the idea of theatre  
as a part of their everyday  
experience - the monarchy  
put on one tremendous  
play for hundreds of  
years - very interesting  
on Tues I went & got  
a ticket for Siegfried & got  
Misson (which I will  
have to sell because of



the Parent Teacher's conference  
at Yeshiva on Tuesday);  
called Yuri on Mon & therefore  
will go there tonight - Tues;  
I was to get a ride from  
Mrs. Funklester to Long Beach -  
yes - she forgot - I was then  
left stranded - I called  
Yuri and he came over &  
picked me up at school;  
We had a grand evening;  
ordered out Chinese food -  
spare ribs & black bean sauce -  
egg-drop soup; very good  
food; Corn & habitude -  
the Cold Duck & some  
flowered beautifully all evening;  
we listened to music -  
a lot of the Beatles; Yuri  
determined that he  
smoked grass (he asked  
sheepishly if I did) - we



Then proceeded to smoke  
quite a bit; the evening  
was very enjoyable —  
Around 2300 I occurred to  
me that I had to go back  
to Manhattan — Yuri  
drove me to the train at  
Far Rockaway — I arrived  
back in Manhattan at  
430 or so — extremely  
tired; I took Yuri &  
Shane 2 tea-balls — they  
loved them; they are  
very responsive people &  
I get along with them  
very well & also very easily —  
I shall have to go visit  
them again soon —  
K&K were delighted that  
I had gone out to Long  
Beach — I told them  
on ~~Sun~~<sup>Fri</sup> the 24th; Sartons



Kate; Kostya is not terribly  
demonstrative so it is really some-  
what hard to figure out what  
he is thinking; Doubtless he  
approves of the whole endeavor;  
I expounded to me ....; I would  
have spent the evening there  
but I had to get my opera  
ticket from the bank on Wed  
so I could go to see Lucia  
on Thurs (Manksgwing) —  
On Wed I awoke late —  
called Brooklyn College —  
Joy was "in conference" —  
What I think I need do  
is go out & wait for him  
on Monday — Maybe  
after I teach Joel's class I'll  
go out & wait for him —  
That sounds like a good  
idea — On Wed I made  
a call to Carbondale — the



Moment mother answered  
I knew something was  
wrong — Well it seems  
that Papa had decided that  
H.W. will not be coming to  
Nyx — they really hurt  
me this time — It see  
it as a rejection of all that  
I am and represent —  
I'm contemplating not  
going to Pelina for Christmas  
now — Now I have to  
sell the tickets I had  
promised for the opera —  
Obviously it is not the  
personal aspect of their  
cancellation which bothers  
me — all my psychological  
preparations were to no  
avail — what a down;  
I was really in a low  
state when Joel returned



later in the evening to pack &  
prepare for his Washington  
trip with "le bonbon". It was  
most amusing to watch Jack pack -  
as usual - he put all the heavy  
things on top and took twice  
as much stuff as he needed for  
a four day holiday; it's all  
a matter of putting off making  
decisions. He & Le Bon Bon  
left here on Thurs. AM around  
10 & I remained a-bed -  
called Sheryl - she will  
come up to the farhoods -  
I worked and wrote a  
letter to Don explaining about  
H&W's cancelled plans;  
Sheryl made brownies; I  
took a bottle of wine &  
bought some ice cream  
(Vanilla torte & peaches  
& cream) and we walked



up to the farhoods; we  
attempted to 'dent', as one  
says, a 21 lb turkey - there  
were only four of us so  
we didn't do a very good  
job - It was very good -  
we had it au-pur &  
with stuffing - no potatoes,  
celery, squash, or vegetables -  
It was much better than  
the usual starchy heap  
we usually compound  
on Thanksgiving; at  
7:30 Chris & I went to see  
Lucia. Sheryl went home  
& Bill slept; the opera  
was good but not so  
as well as one might  
have liked; Richard Tucker  
only sang the first two  
acts - so was ill & was  
replaced in Act III - Not



a very good replacement, the  
mad scene didn't seem very  
mad to me; the set was  
lovely; the audience reception  
was mixed (Markgrove is  
not a very good day to see  
an opera) — Chir seemed  
most un-moved by it  
all — I couldn't care less —  
She didn't make one positive  
comment on the opera after  
it was over; that's her  
problem; I got to bed late  
I had to get up at 7:15 —  
K + K + I went to Westport,  
Ch. — antique — we went  
up Route 7 — 35 shops or so  
on the road — Most of them  
very expensive — we were  
invited to dinner by Prunroe  
(a childhood girl-friend of  
Kate's from Great Neck)



We spent all the afternoon  
buying antiques etc -  
I got three spoons - my  
first twisted stem handle  
about 1780's - I also  
bought a grumper faïence  
demitasse cup & saucer -  
\$5.85; I love them; Westport  
Ch. struck me as a very  
weathery area; Prim's house  
is, as Kate says, 2nd Century  
from the exterior & antique  
on the inside - very  
nice - Prim & her 3rd  
husband Don were pleasant  
enough; K&K took them  
paintings; they loved  
them; we drank martinis  
I had a dinner of passion  
bloss - very good cooks  
Prim - much conversation  
K & K & I seemed like a very



"alive" elements in what struck  
me as a very sterile & bored  
atmosphere — Pun & Don, I  
suspect, are fabulously wealthy  
& bored; at 10 PM we left —  
we had all drunk too much &  
I drove — 50 miles to Manhattan —  
it was all sans incident  
& not tiring as I had  
feared it might; we arrived  
back around 11:15 or so —

Lonely day all the way —

Kate: "We have descended on  
Connecticut and bought  
treasures all day long"

Me: — "What we have bought  
is actually food for the  
soul"

Kate: "Yes!; and some of  
them are even useful"

Kate is such a superb woman —  
she considers me one of her



adapted children; I slept  
for 12 hours when I got  
to bed on Sat AM — got up  
around noon & began working  
on Stendhal — Cheryl  
called to tell me Elaine  
is pregnant & also to  
try & arrange something  
for the evening; she  
said she would call  
back — Marie called —  
she & Jay stopped up —  
they had been to Barney's —  
Jay was buying some  
clothes for work; we  
talked and had  
dinner — we were  
all "low-key" in mood  
today nevertheless we  
had a pleasant evening —  
we called the Dandys —  
Steve was at work — Sue



June birth to Robert Todd on  
July 28 - Steve was at  
Work; they are coming East  
in the Spring it seems;  
Earl wrote me the details  
of the wedding today - It  
seems that it will all  
be very elaborate & overdone  
& costly; I shall have to re-  
read his letter several times.  
Tomorrow I go to Brooklyn  
with K & K to dinner in the  
PM - (2) - I must get to  
Stendhal soon - he should  
be rather busy now & a lot  
of the time for it all - I  
am not working on my  
there as much as I would  
like of late - Yet, I am  
feeling rather good - My  
social schedule doesn't  
do plus en plus compliqué.



Nov 26 Sun - dinner at Delfy's; sore throat

Nov 27 Mon - <sup>London blue</sup> sore throat; then

Nov 28 Tue - no sugar, PTH at Yeshiva

Nov 29 Wed - food cold; Yeshiva

Nov 30 Thu - feeling better; called in all;  
worked at home

Dec 1 Fri - dinner at 321 - Road Beef, Yorkshire  
pudding; Moby Dick

Dec 2 Sat. - breakfast at Julia's; Staten Island  
ferry; at Julia's

Dec 3 Sun. - Moscow Circus; dinner at Jerry's

\*\*\*

Dec 4 Mon. - job at Brooklyn College -  
DMA - prepared exam

Dec 5 Tue - disastrous exam; thesis

Dec 6 Wed - 12:45 left - 96th St - flutter flutter;  
called Run + Ann - they arrive  
on Fri.

Kate, Kostya & I got started around 2 PM -  
we drove thru Manhattan over the  
Williamsburg section of Brooklyn -  
K+K used to live there - not a very  
nice place; we went to have  
dinner chez Les Delfy's - very  
interesting - Louis is Haitian +  
sa femme est puerto ricaine -  
lovely people; Louis & I did the  
French thing - K+K were



impressed & I was pleased; we ate  
sumptuously on roast beef & a  
Puerto Rican creation - rice & kidney  
beans - very good; Louis is in  
the auto repair business - much  
integrity - he went to London a  
year ago to get rid of an infirmity -  
he seems to be very much into  
miracles & cure etc; A neighbor  
stopped in - she was repulsive -  
her son has a honey bear which  
she talked of at great length; she  
was repulsive; we left around  
10 & I went directly home - I  
had a very sore throat - alarmingly  
so - I deduced it was my  
tonsils or something - Actually  
I found out later it was  
the London flu - this year's  
version of the flu; Monday  
was awful - I had an  
extremely congested head -



Austin Capriolo did no good;  
It seemed to get worse as  
the evening progressed —  
On Mon I managed to do  
a bit of work on my thesis —  
Stendhal is taking shape —  
I came to the conclusion  
on Mon. that my ticket  
for Regency with Nilsson  
would be negated by a  
PTA commitment at Yeshiva  
ugh! — Ronald Pam & I  
had dinner at Mrs.

Finklestein's at Atlantic  
Beach before the PTA thing  
her family is weird —  
her daughter is a hippie  
type — her son is a  
clothes freak — her husband  
is frightfully quiet — Helen  
is outgoing & very honest —  
Her Cheese Cake & noodle



pudding were superlative;  
dinner was somewhat stiff;  
we left about 730 for the  
meeting — the parents were  
there en masse — all were  
squamous & defensive — a bit —  
they didn't know what to  
say or how to handle the  
situation — many, many  
old worn Jewish types —  
In the meantime my cold  
reached epic proportions —  
at 1030 it all ended — I  
arrived back at Manhattan  
around midnight — just as  
Siegfried was getting out —  
Sleep — sleep; Wednesday the  
cold was no better — I went  
and taught and came  
home & went to bed — it was  
most uncomfortable — On  
Thursday I was feeling a



but better so & called in sick  
I spent the day working  
on my dissertation - the  
day was rather productive;  
Friday was lazy - Jenny,  
Joel & the Parkhords & I  
had dinner here - the  
Roast beef Joel brought  
back from D.C. with him  
and Yorkshire pudding -  
Bill & Chris had never  
had Yorkshire pudding -  
happily it all turned out  
very well - I made  
a superb chocolate  
cake (the Mayonaise recipe)  
for dessert; We watched  
Moby Dick - it is  
great - I've seen it  
several times already but  
I enjoyed it very much  
this time; Saturday



got going rather Early - I had  
a dinner - rather - breakfast  
invitation at 10 AM at  
Julia's on 76th St - Julia &  
Jill & I had breakfast  
until late afternoon - I  
loved it - we talked about  
ourselves & just about everything  
else until late PM - then  
we did the Staten Island  
ferry - it was sunset &  
lovely - very cold - we  
stood on the bridge & the  
wind & cold were really  
in good form - Julia remarked:  
"Ph! to be in England once  
again in the Spring!" - she  
is a fantastically funny  
person - we had dinner at  
her house - I tried to watch  
Bette Davis The Judge & Jake  
Wyller on the tube - the film



was a disappointment - it  
was too much of a usurper  
Doug McClure - The  
evening came to an end  
late in the evening - 2 AM -  
On Sun PM I went to  
Jerry's on 82nd - left  
some Cold Duck & went  
from there to the Moscow  
Circus at the Fleet Forum  
where we joined Kate & Kostya  
the Circus was great - Many  
dancing bears, jugglers,  
animals - A new ring  
again - Much more  
intimate than the usual  
3 ring Barnum & Bailey  
Spectacular - the  
dancing bears were  
superb - the one which  
imputed a gypsy singer  
was incredible - Kate



laughed almost to the point of  
tears - the singing heard  
led "More were the days" -  
very funny - we went  
by the #5 bus to Jerry's -  
dinner - Chili - Salad -  
bread - Babka - coffee -  
Kostya slept after dinner -  
we talked on & on - art,  
music, both methods,  
menopause etc. It was  
an entirely delightful  
evening which came to  
an end around 10 PM -  
K & K had to get home to  
get some pictures ready  
for Frank - I came  
home & bathed & tried to  
sleep - why couldn't I -  
well because on Monday  
I went to Brooklyn College  
to accept a position which



has been offered to me —  
I was ecstatic — the  
whole thing is an  
incredible rip — I love  
being on campus —  
I'll <sup>be</sup> teaching a section  
of French I — a popular  
show, so says J. Robert  
Joy, and so I should  
have well over 25  
students — lovely —  
I'll teach on Tues + Thurs  
at 1050-1205; on Fri —  
from 11-1150 — Je crois —  
This is my beginning  
of my New York pedagogical  
career — I'm really  
hoping this will lead  
to a full time thing in  
the Fall at BC — Now —  
that will allow me to  
do my thing in NYC —



I went to DMH after - Sheryl  
I Sharon were disappointed  
about the fact that their  
appts are being moved up to  
the 15th floor - Nevertheless  
they took me out for a drink  
to celebrate my job at BC -  
Sharon talked of "Liza  
with a Z" - I went & bought  
it - to commemorate my  
job at BC - I shall always  
Associate Liza with BC -  
that's it - the perfect title  
Yes, Yes; I was incredibly  
tired in the evening because  
I hardly slept before I  
went to BC I was so  
excited - Nevertheless I had  
to prepare three exams for  
be infants at Yesheva -  
it was a long undertaking  
and I created three Master -



pieces & went to bed;  
unfortunately on Tues the  
little bastards were not  
prepared for the exams &  
wouldn't take them - so  
I had to turn them into  
a classroom drill -

Rabbi Brafman seemed  
to be non-plussed by  
the whole catastrophe -  
I was distraught &  
ready to quit - In the  
evening I worked on  
my thesis - Wednesday  
I left late - at 96th  
street I went "flutter  
flutter" over Park Place -  
I'd really like to work  
thus one out - next time  
the occasion presents itself  
I shall hopefully make  
my move - That will



require some effort - hopefully  
it will not be to a loss -  
It looks like it should be  
justement to continue -  
that sounds vague;  
Called Russ & Ann in the  
evening - they will  
arrive on Friday at 130 -  
It has been a good ten  
days or so - it seems that  
I have almost no free  
time of late - how lonely  
Just think how the  
"Histoire de ma vie" could  
be changed in the time  
between now & my next  
writing - PP could become  
more than a musical joy -  
Jill & Le Bonbon seem to be  
solidifying their relationship -  
This could be the start  
of something big, as one says



Dec 7 - Dec - 31 - 1972

A rather lengthy journalistic  
silence - about a month - a  
rather good one & very busy -  
not very academic but very  
very social - at all times  
to do with the Christmas  
rush; Wow - way back on  
the 7th - Tony & his rather  
gauche assistant (a later)  
took it upon themselves  
to repair the porch roof -  
It seems that there was  
water leaking down into  
Tony's apartment & for  
that reason he wanted  
to re-tar the roof - they  
decided to do it at 9 AM -  
I had to leave for school  
I accordingly left my  
key with Tony - they  
returned the following



day to complete the job -  
As the restaurant was  
very busily making preparation  
for the visit of Russell & Ann -  
I did the delicatessen - lunch  
but - pastrami - potato salad -  
olives - Jarlsberg cheese - rye  
bread (seeds, naturally) -

I met R & A at the Port of  
NY authority around 2 PM  
on Friday - we took the  
B'way local up to 321 and  
had lunch & I was really  
impressed with how good  
Russell looked - a beard & a  
moustache - I am  
convinced he looks like a  
quaker - Ann seemed  
very wholesome & motherly -  
(not permatune) - they have  
all expected about being  
in NYC and I was really



Excited by their excitement;  
We lunched at length - it became  
clear that we could not dine  
before Pippin - for that reason I  
decided that we ought to do  
the Staten Island Ferry - we  
took the 7th Ave Express - the  
first car - it was very foggy  
in the harbor & we could  
barely see the Statue of Liberty -  
it was raining - Notwithstanding  
they got a good idea of what  
rush hour is all about -  
the boats were packed - I  
had never seen them so -  
we had fun on the boat &  
made it to the Imperial  
theater around 7 PM for  
Pippin - very good performance  
the actual theme of the  
show - a young idealist  
comes of age - is a bit



Overworked at present - nonetheless  
it was beautifully performed -  
we enjoyed the show a good deal -  
afterward we came back to 321  
& had dinner - beef bourguignon,  
salade aux epinards, mince  
milano cookies & strawberries -  
the dinner lasted until about  
3:30 PM - Jack & Jenny joined  
us around midnight - it  
was delightful - Russell & Ann  
as well as I, really enjoyed  
each other - we talked until  
late & then slept - R & A arose  
rather early on Saturday &  
were ready to sight see - we  
went to Lincoln Center -  
CPS, Plaza, 5th Ave, St Patrick's,  
Rockefeller Center, Steak &  
Brew - we were all exhausted  
they got on a bus around  
5:30 or so - actually I flunk



It was at 505 PM — the weekend was entirely successful in my opinion; we all seemed to get along famously — we actually agree on many many things and differ on so few — I came back to 329 & it seems that I went to the Fairhills with Joel — I covered he mistaken Yes, I did — because I wasn't hungry & they all ate — Chicken curry — On Sunday I went to Nyack with K & K. & Sheryl — Sheryl came up to 321 & we left at 9 AM or so — the trip was fun & not terribly productive as far as my own buying went — K & K bought with great avidity —



Copper-helmets - jewelry - I  
did buy some African trading  
beads of which I am very fond;  
we had dinner at the Hilton Inn  
in Tarrytown - a very pleasant  
dinner - we returned to  
NYC around 730 or so - K + K  
had to work - Sheryl & I took  
the train from 157th St - I  
was most tired; on Mon.  
I took Julia to see Faust -  
the Jean-Louis Barrault  
production at the Met - Joel &  
I had seen it last year -  
it's a bit stodgy but very  
pleasing musically - the  
ballet is horrible - it tries  
to be salacious but turns  
out being hopelessly mechanical  
& "morne"; I went to Julia's  
afterward & we talked well  
unto the night; the following



day - the 12th - my birthday -  
29 yrs on this planet - Not  
bad - I don't feel 29 at all;  
Carol DeMauro, Sheryl &  
Sharon sent me cards  
which I appreciated a lot;  
Surtout Carol's - She, at  
the same time, welcomed  
me to Brooklyn - to  
commemorate my B'day  
I went to see Nilsson &  
Gregged at the Met -  
it seems that I saw  
Tristan last year on my  
B'day with Nilsson - The  
final act of Gregged is  
a musical joy - Not  
quite as powerful as  
Tristan but Nilsson was  
in superb form - She was  
culturally reserved  
as usual; On the 13th &



14th I taught - uneventful - &  
I also did some work on my  
"chire". So little time has been  
available for that recently -  
I have barely done any work  
on it all December - Well all  
that will change during February  
January - I will finish  
the Bazac & the Stendhal  
chapter during my Yeshuv  
vacation in January at  
least - I must get the thing  
done before June - I will  
hope to if I expect to have a  
chance for a full-time position  
at Brooklyn for next year -  
Stop talking about publishing  
Robert & do it - On the 15th  
it was Bank day - were  
traveller's checks - for Christmas  
shopping & such - In the  
evening Joe, Jerry & the Farhods



and I went to see Gino with  
the wind - excellent - it  
was the 5th time for me -  
St Croix - we chatted late  
Chz ls Farhood; On Saturday  
I decided to commission  
some paintings for Christmas  
gifts for Mom & Dad & for  
Aunt, Laura, & William -  
I called Kate in the late  
afternoon & went up to talk  
it over with them - all  
set - lovely - K & K were  
as pleased as I was with  
the idea, I spent a very  
pleasant afternoon picking  
out the paintings & giving  
my specifications - I  
went to see La Boheme  
at the Met (T. Miller & al)  
we had seats in the  
Dress Circle - singing



K+K gave me some paintings for my B'day —  
K+K gave me "sunflowers", K+K gave me "Stanhopea &  
butterflies" — the Cates gave me "Jellybugs"!!

Philistines were everywhere —  
the crowd is much better up  
in the family circle — the  
opera was beautifully done —  
let was my Christmas gift  
to Jull & Jenny — they seemed  
very appreciative; Jenny  
spent the night; I was  
talked into going to Nyack on  
the following day with K+K —  
Jenny & Peter were supposed  
to go but cancelled — we  
had a good day — The  
usual shops — dinner at the  
Hilton in Tarrytown — we went  
back to the Rodin's for the  
performance "Sleeping Beauty" —  
Nureyev on the television —  
I stayed late — we talked  
well after midnight; on  
Mon it was Bel Parkood's  
B'day — Jenny took him



Chocolate Candy, Joel took  
him ice cream & I took  
him chocolate spice cake —  
It was superb & very  
pleased; we got into a  
psychological discussion —  
the Electra complex etc —  
On Tuesday I went to Julia's  
after work & we did the  
"Tannenbaum" thing — we  
purchased a tree on Broadway  
I decorated it — mulled  
wine — pommander —  
Cheddar cheese & much  
conversation — lovely —  
I was very tired & I  
relaxed all evening — the  
nuns at Yeshiva had  
been abominable all  
day & I was sick of  
them — I could barely  
quit & I had two bad



days in a row - as it turns out  
it never seems to work out  
that way; On the 20th  
my contract from Brooklyn  
College arrived - I am  
an "Adjunct lecturer in  
Modern language in the  
City University of New York -"  
#219 hour - rather good - I  
am delighted to have the  
position at Brooklyn - that  
owed really to the start  
of something big; Cheryl  
took me to see Butley on  
the 20th as a B'day gift -  
very nice. the play was  
beautifully performed by  
Alan Bates - the play is  
not as good as Bates but  
it is nonetheless good -  
I'm surprised that the  
typically phelstine - over



50 - Jewish-Middle Class  
audience that buys most  
of the Broadway tickets continue  
to support the play —  
three reasons — 1 — the  
English accent of Bates;  
2) the university jargon,  
3) the gay theme. An  
excellent evening at the  
theater in all respects.

on the 21st — my sortie  
into scalping tickets for  
Faust — I tried at noon  
but had no luck — I'm so  
in-aggressive it's not at all  
surprising I had difficulty  
in getting rid of 2 tickets  
for Faust; one of the  
women to whom I tried  
to sell the tickets came  
over & chatted a bit —  
she is 75 & recalled her



Trip to see Caruso sing — She  
now lives in Brooklyn & came  
to Manhattan to see her doctor;  
She will not attend a matinee  
as we set for point; the new  
house reminded her of a bank —  
Monique would agree & I'm  
sure! At 7 PM I had more  
success — I went to the  
student-rush line & sold  
the tickets to two English men  
lovers — they were sceptical  
as to the validity of the tickets  
they insisted on checking them  
with the head usher & the  
box office — OK — I got \$7  
for A-5; A-7 for Faust — at  
least I made a profit —  
however small; when I  
returned to 321 I made  
another candle for a gift  
for Jerry & Peter & Kate & Postya



I began making my preparations  
for Carbondale - psychological  
at any rate; on Friday  
I decided I would do a  
Mauzy's - Gumbler's - thing -  
how chaotic - how amusing -  
I bought four new  
turtle-neck - brown - cranberry -  
blue + green - went to the  
bank & got a \$25 bond for  
David Montello; a check  
for \$30 for Kostya; one for  
\$45 for Kate - I had  
dinner at Jerry's with  
K + K - we exchanged  
gifts - Kate gave me the  
horod'acene mine; Kostya  
gave me the "Mushrooms"  
& Jerry & Peter gave me  
the ticket for the Moscow  
Circus; they seemed  
pleased with the candles



I gave them; I was delighted  
to see Kostya's landscape  
for Mom & Dad — "Green Apple  
& Peach"; "Orange & Lemon";  
I had already seen the  
"Creatures" done by Kate —  
We took a cab from Jerry's  
on Sat AM — 9:00 I got up —  
bus at 10:30 — pleasant ride  
via Short Line to Carbondale —  
I read some of "Tender is the  
Night" & thought; When I  
arrived in Carbondale I  
decided I would take a  
cab to the Homestead —  
Something I have always  
wanted to do — It was  
only \$2 — the cab driver  
was from Brooklyn —  
how strange to be riding  
to the Homestead with a  
cab man from Brooklyn



in a prios retraite à  
Charbonville. The sad  
was pleasantly spent —  
Mom & Dad were pleased  
to see me as I was to see  
them — the day was  
quicky over — at 5 PM  
we went to dinner at  
the Smallhurst's in O'dale —  
It was a Christmas dinner  
two days early — the kids  
were in plane forme —  
Marion had around 10  
courses too many but the  
dinner was good — I  
enjoyed seeing the  
collected family again;  
we went home around  
Midnight — so it was  
about 1030 — Lauret  
& April recited poems &  
sang Christmas Carols —



it was utterly charming; they  
had us all singing; Such  
fun; On Sunday I stayed  
much at home - I wrapped  
the paintings; sorted out  
some paper among my things  
in the attic - Chatted with  
Mom & Dad - hung some  
pictures in the great  
rooms - very relaxing day  
all the way through -  
I didn't sleep well the  
night before & didn't all  
the while I was in Carbondale -  
I was anxious about  
my dissertation probably &  
also I was thinking  
about the family -  
Don has written to Mom  
& Dad it seems - thank  
God he seems to have done  
some thinking about



his relationship with  
Mom & Dad - I hope he  
patches everything up;  
Christmas AM - we  
went to Aunt Ann's at  
830<sup>AM</sup> Lane, Spruce & Wm.  
were in good form again;  
Children are really what  
Christmas is all about;  
we then went home &  
got ready for the guests;  
I helped Dad get the  
oak table set up in the  
kitchen - Mom & I set  
it - for eleven - all  
the confusion which  
is supposed to characterize  
a Christmas was there -  
Mom said that tout  
was un-organized -  
yet it was all so  
organized that a



German would have been proud  
of her - she operates so well  
in the presence of a terrible  
chaos; the turkey - 38 lbs -  
was one that Russell had  
raised - it was succulent -  
dinner was grand - we  
all over ate - even the  
sweet pudding - I really was  
in pain from over-eating;  
we opened presents around  
the dinner - Mom + Dad were  
generous with their  
envelopes - Russell + Ann  
gave me a belt, a scarf &  
a round-trip bus ticket  
(which I didn't receive until  
after I returned to NYC);  
Judy gave me a book on law;  
Aunt Louise - \$5; Mom  
gave me a silver case for  
black silver. Not all



Sat around and heeled over  
stomachs for a few hours  
after eating but we all  
enjoyed the feeling &  
suspect; Around 10 I  
think took to movie set  
part - j'ai fait mes valises;  
watched television with  
Mom + Dad - we had  
a very nice three days  
together - Mom vented  
her spleen to me about  
disagreeable Walter for a bit  
but that is understandable  
given his actions about  
coming to NYC when I  
invited them; At 9PM  
on the 26th I got the  
bus to NYC - Dad  
drove me to the bus -  
it was crowded - I  
read "Tender is the Night"



Spun it - a great novel -  
I prefer the Beautiful & the  
Damned" however; I  
got back to 321 around 1 PM  
I arrived at Yeshiva at  
330 - completely un-pedagogical  
day - the monsters were  
most un-cooperative; when  
I got home Joel called -  
he, Russ & Jenny were arriving  
re-soon-la - I cleaned  
the apartment furiously -  
It was impeccable at  
the time when they arrived -  
Around midnight -  
Russ & his long hair -  
great to see him - we  
talked late - I slept  
in front of the window  
in the bedroom & got a  
phenomenal cold - my  
second of the season -



on Wed & taught & then met  
James & Virginia at the  
"last day of Mrs Lumsden"  
with Julie Harris - She  
was superb - I was the  
only one in the theatre  
to give her a "brava" -  
all others gave her a  
"bravo"; Virginia looked  
magnificent - younger  
than ever - James was  
more together than she  
has ever been (à mon avis).  
When the play was over  
we came "en taxi" to  
321; Russ, Julie & Jerry  
were there; Shortly  
Artie Greenspan & Paula  
arrived - Artie has  
changed a bit - but  
then again I don't  
suppose I have either



He has a very endearing kind  
of shyness about him. Paula  
I thought, was "bland"  
in the worst way - a  
flower child of the most offensive  
kind; the evening was  
long & Chaty - Va & Laurie  
left en taxi - "the Helton,  
please" around 4:30 -

The next day Russ & Joel  
went to Nathan's at 8th St  
for lunch - Russ had  
4 hot dogs & a potato  
kush - they went to  
Lustant Parts on Glenview -  
Russ bought some clothes  
which looked wrong  
on him - we all agreed  
him he looked great however -  
I met Joel & Russ & Marshall  
at Philharmonic Hall around  
4 PM - we took pictures and



had a beer at O'neals  
by the New York State  
Theatre; we went to  
the subway — at 321  
we relayed until 830  
When we went to  
Mama Leone's — it was  
a dreadful evening —  
the personal waiter at  
Leone's treated me —  
contemptuously friendly;  
the food was mediocre;  
and what was worse  
the strutting musician  
caused a whole room  
full of people to start  
singing Dixie etc as  
well as much of the  
Sound of Music, the  
table for the 8 of us  
was all wrong — it  
was rectangular — the



Worst shape for conversation;  
Russ bought me dinner - he  
also gave me a \$20 movie book  
that the kibler's had given him  
He's incredibly generous -  
after the debacle of Leone's -  
we went to the Norman Pub  
at the Hilton - dreadful -  
\$2 cover charge; plastic  
people - Cha-cha - for that,  
Sheryl & I were freaked  
out by the whole thing;  
it was the only time I  
have ever seen Sheryl  
giddy - We all said  
our farewells to Vanna the  
labbly - she was off to  
Oscego & New Year's Eve  
with the Marshall's -  
After Laurie made her  
sudden departure from  
the table at Leone's



at midnight for a  
"nudy-vow" — we saw  
her at the Selton with  
Blain Genette, No Houdon,  
Mr Hope, Burnett et al  
were in Nyc — I didn't  
see any of them and am  
glad I didn't — Joel  
saw Burnett who is  
much as he was 3 yrs  
ago even in his wardrobe;  
I decided I wouldn't do  
a MFA thing this year —  
I hoped never have  
to go there seeking out  
a job — maybe next  
year I will have a  
full-time position —  
now that I would  
indeed be nice suited  
if it were at Brooklyn  
College; the MFA thing



didn't really get me this year —  
it seemed millions of miles  
away — I was doubting too  
and hurried all month  
to be ready for it; on the 30th  
I was most ill — a  
wretched cold kept me bed-  
ridden most of the day —  
Nurs advised the vitamin C  
thing and that is what  
I did — 350 or so tablets  
per day; I called a bus  
in the early evening and  
it is a good thing I did —  
I had to cook a roast of  
beef and Yorkshire pudding  
for Jack & Jerry, Bill & Chris,  
and myself — Bill &  
Chris gave me a photo of  
myself (a good one) for  
Christmas; as well as  
a salt-grinder & a carton



of Winston's - very generous  
of them - the roast of beef was  
super and the Yorkshire pudding  
was well received - I slept long  
and well - Notwithstanding  
the vitamin C I had the  
same cold on the 31st - I  
Arose around 1 & got the  
Flushing train to the end  
of the line - It goes through  
wretched neighborhoods -  
It's mostly elevated - which  
I didn't know - Jay &  
Nanne met me at Main  
Street, Flushing - we drove  
Chg car - I was ill -  
we watched television &  
ate - a beef & lemony  
thing & hot orange fondue -  
My appetite was not  
in the best order - Around  
midnight we put on the



television and watched the ball  
at Times Square - we talked  
until about 2 & then went to bed -  
A delightful New Year's Eve -  
non-histrionic in the best way;  
I am very fond of Jay & Nancy -  
It seems they are having some  
difficulty making friends in  
Great Neck - they are used  
to university environments &  
are not overly ecstatic about  
the 9-5 thing (all me sensible).  
So much for 1972 - in short, it  
was a good year.

Jan 1 - Mon - Great Neck; football; dinner; train back about 12

Jan 2 Tues - Yeshiva - acting; train is fun.

Jan 3 Wed - 10 pages of Balzac

Un ballo in maschera - Roberto Petrucci;

Jan 4 Thurs - Yeshiva - bla.

Gilbert - Laundry

Jan 5 Fri - Fairhoods - roast chicken;

Jan 6 Sat - Janie Glaser - Sat.

Jenny - dinner - Le Sybante

Jan 7 Sun - Lady Sing the Blues - Chinese Restaurant on 8th St.

Television - Jenny & Jack & I; Le Sybante

Jan 8 Mon - Yeshiva; measurements to Earl.



Bummy O'Hare; these, Yeshua exams.  
 very cold in NYC; called Kate  
 Jan 9 Tue - two invitations: BDT Garbo, Vore; Yeshua - returns  
 Jan 10 Wed - exams; there; letter to Don, Ken + Mom + Dad  
 Jan 11 Thur - letter to Greg + Madeline; there - worked;  
 Jan 12 Fri - Kate + Kostya's - all evening  
 Jan 13 Sat - Jerry cooked dinner; Farhoods were  
 here  
 Jan 14 Sun - stayed home all day - work;  
 En vada trois Chapitres.  
 Jan 15 Mon - bank; Grace on T.V.;  
 Farhood + Sartre  
 made up finals; Garbo moves -  
 Jan 16 Tues - Conquest + Mata Hara - Identity Crisis  
 Jan 17 Wed - Yeshua - the "final exam" -  
 make outlines for Chapt's 1-3.

The new year began with a lovely  
 night of repos - I was exhausted from  
 the entire month of December + all -  
 Christmas was a surprise - I wasn't  
 prepared for it mentally; I got  
 up about noon as I recall -  
 Jay + Anne sat about to petal  
 déjeuner - eggs + bacon +  
 coffee - that stroke me as  
 a very wholesome way to  
 begin the new year - we  
 "colled" about all day - Jay



has the football thing & so we watched  
a few hours of that - It got a  
bit interesting - actually it was  
the enthusiasm of Jay that got me;  
Jay & Name seem to have established  
themselves in a "suburban rut" -  
they seem bored; they are not at  
all excited about their job - Romney  
is the cause of it all - they dislike  
him; we had dinner & then  
Jay & Name drove me to the train  
in Flushing - I rode in the  
"Chaise astralogique" (the rear) of  
their car - I arrived back at 321  
around 1130 - It was a delightful  
beginning of the new year; Tues  
I rejoined the little monster -  
I enjoyed the train after my  
absence for three or 4 days -  
I really love the subway -  
actually, its love - hate  
Anyhow, on Tues they turned me



On a big way - God bless  
the A train; On January 3 I  
did 10 pages of Balzac - Murele  
lectu - I will finish Balzac  
& Stendhal before the end of  
January; actually the dissertation  
is going very well at the  
moment; On January 4 the  
Jail I went to see Mr Ballo  
in Maschera - very pleasant.  
Roberta Peter was the  
most enjoyable player -  
It was my first time to  
see her sing - I was very  
impressed - her acting is  
very good; Friday -  
Alas - it seems to me  
that Friday is Saturday  
anyway since I don't  
teach on Friday - Anyway -  
I did my laundry -  
It gives me that old



sleepy, anxious and feeling; Gilbert  
Capell (unanimous de facto de DC) stopped  
by - has been in NY for some kind  
of a Wall Street training thing -  
he impressed me & made me  
somewhat nervous - Why, I'm  
not sure; I roasted a lovely  
Chicken for dinner - the Parkade  
stopped down - we ate sumptuously  
& well - we talked of psych -  
What the - Anne Bull was here;  
Mr Jan 6 - Janine Glaser  
arrived for a visit - she looks  
good - much weight off -  
She's teaching in a private  
school somewhere in Connecticut -  
we had lunch - Chunky  
Clam Chowder - beets - apple  
sauce etc; a very pleasant  
visit with Janine - she seems  
very young indeed; Jerry  
had dinner with us - we



watched television and  
played at being "le sybarite" —  
Jerry has a marvellous sense  
of "playing" — On Sunday —  
Sheryl & I go to see Lady  
Sings the Blues at the  
Quad Cinema on 13th & 5th  
ave — small theatre — we  
met devant le théâtre —  
I liked the film — it  
will not cause me to dash  
back and see it again —

Russell Pfohl encouraged  
me to see it & I must dash  
off a note to him explaining  
my reaction; "God Bless  
the Child" is the best  
number in the show —

I bought Sheryl dinner  
at the Chinese Restaurant  
on 8th Street entre 5 & 6 —  
very good & beautifully



unpretentious; reasonable; Sheryl  
drove me back to 321 rue le Chareol  
de sa famille; January 8 was  
notable in that I sent my  
measurements to Earl & Monique  
for "la blouse du siècle" - I also  
wrote a rather newy letter to  
the two of them; Yechwa was  
"hla" today; Joel, Jerry & I  
played at being "les sybarites"  
encore une fois - we watched  
a bit of television; January 9 -  
Bunny & Hare - Betty Davis &  
Ernest Borgnine - beautiful &  
touching - the two of them disguise  
themselves as hippies and rob  
banks - 6 of them - they fall  
in love à la fin & go to Mexico  
I loved it; Before I <sup>saw the film &</sup> called  
Kate - we had some catching  
up to do - we talked of  
Christmas & all - we well.



have dinner on Friday  
night - I really can't get  
too much of K + K - their  
état d'âme is so good for me -  
on the 10th in the AM Sheryl  
called & invited me to see  
Bette Davis with her at  
Town Hall - We talked of  
getting tickets - I think  
we will wait & buy the  
individual tickets & not  
the whole series - D E also  
called & invited me to  
see BD with him; When  
it rains it pours - Sheryl  
also announced that Congress  
& Mata Hari with Garbo  
are playing in the Village  
the Art on 8th Street - I  
saw them on Tues -  
Congress with Bayer & Garbo  
was magnificent - M



is among the best the scenes  
that I have seen with Garbo;  
During Mata Hari I had  
an identity attack - I wanted  
to leave the theater - very  
nervous - Sheryl was to see  
the films with me but her  
sore throat prevented all that;  
When I got home from the  
Cinema I had to prepare  
the 3 final exams for the  
little monster at Yeshiva -  
I was up late with all that -  
the finals are beautiful -  
Naturally! I wrote a  
little Christmas Card to Mom &  
Dad in Florida, Kemell & Ann &  
Donald & Sylvia all on the  
same day - the 10th - I seem  
to have fallen into an epistolary  
mood since I have written  
some on my dissertation - I



guess guilt feelings & an  
artful correspondence don't  
mix too well; the 11th Jan-  
Yeshiva - worked on the  
there; also I wrote a  
long 2 page letter to Greg  
& Madeleine - they should  
have received it by now -  
I hope to see them next  
Summer - i.e. - this summer -  
How nice if I could have  
my dissertation finished  
by that point; the 12th -  
I worked a bit in the  
daytime - at 6:30 I  
left for the Rodko's -  
dinner - Kate was not  
home yet - Kostya & I  
chatted a bit - we  
find it difficult to sustain  
conversation without the  
ever-talking Kate - Kate



Arrived around 7:30 laden  
with goodies + luthusam; we  
caught up on late events - &  
again told them how pleased  
Mom + Dad + the kids were with  
the Christmas paintings -  
Kate being as she is, we had  
the tuna Casserole around  
10:30 - She began to cook it  
around 8 - She is the  
slowest cook on the East coast -  
of course - who cares - she  
is a positive joy to talk to -  
She was in a "sex" mood -  
She wanted to talk about  
sex + so we did - She  
has the mentality of an  
epistolary novelist - details,  
details, details - most  
amazing - her conversations  
are legal in structure -  
She never loses the antecedent



Every three hours have  
elapsed since she began a  
story; remarkable; I over  
ate - too much Casserole -  
of course the ice cream didn't  
help too much - Around 2 AM  
I left & came home - Kate  
gave me some of the Casserole  
for my lunch on Saturday -  
I ate it when I got  
home on Friday night &  
felt particularly fat all  
weekend; Jan 13 - Jenny  
cooked dinner - tomato  
sauce, Omelette, brown rice -  
very nicely done - She  
cooked & I served - the  
Farhods were here -  
Jenny miscalculated  
their appetite - I mean -  
our appetite - we ate  
up immediately all that



She cooked; Comme d'habitude we  
had "pêche melba" - very nice -  
the ice cream could have been  
better in quality - the melba  
would have been better - the  
evening was delightful; As  
a result of my efforts on Sun  
I am now about to begin  
Stendhal - En Vautin déjà trois  
Chapitres - I think I will  
finish Stendhal & then re-send  
the Balzac Chapter in to John.

Monday I was tired all day -  
insomnia - Why I don't  
know - you would think that  
having Balzac I would be able  
to sleep & for no other reason,  
because I feel so righteous -  
Nonetheless, I was tired -  
Jenny & Jack & I had dinner  
at 10 Bill Packwood came  
down to watch the Sartre



Soap opera — But call it  
"an intellectual soap opera" —  
I felt "de trop" with the 3  
of them here — Why I am  
not sure — That is how it  
was — they all seem to  
enjoy people who laugh  
tell jokes etc — I prefer  
people who like to "play" —  
in the English sense of the  
word; On the 16th I  
went to see the Yarb  
Mower; Today — the 17th —  
I went over the format  
of the finals for the 1ed  
which will take place  
tomorrow — they appreciated  
my concern in their doing  
well & I felt good; they  
have that humble look  
that all students seem  
to acquire around the



time of final exams; I had  
a marvellous chat with a lady  
about Long Beach on the A train today;  
She was coming back from seeing  
her eye doctor & because of the  
LIRR strike she had to go by  
the "A" train; Mr Buchanan &  
French 3 - He seems to have  
a deliberately attitude towards  
his academic pursuits - His  
apparent lack of concern with  
Academics has been the basis  
for some delightful moments  
(verbal & slightly cynical)  
in class - They all love it -  
I finished the "Grande Ligne" -  
pages for the three chapters  
I have completed - that  
means I shall begin Studial  
this weekend - We must be  
finished by the beginning of  
February; It seems that 3210103



is become a ménage à trois of sorts -  
slightly awkward - I'm not  
sure of Jenny's & Jall's intentions -  
I think what I should do  
is calmly find accommodations  
elsewhere - It seems slightly  
absurd that she should spend  
all day & evening here & then  
return to her place to sleep -  
Jall's probably afraid of  
hurting my feelings - I don't  
want to become a 3rd wheel -  
as one says - perhaps I  
could find accommodations  
for the beginning of February  
the problem is the working  
out of the arrangements & not  
in finding other accommodations  
the latter would be easy -  
the Voie seems to be full of  
subtlety & adds for Apts to  
Share - What to do, what to do.



Jan 18 - Thurs - final exams at yeshiva -  
 Pique Dame at the opera  
 Jan 19 Fri - got off at NYU on Feb 7 - Bravo -  
 pork pie & beans - Farhoods  
 Jan 20 Sat - Julia & I do the East Side Antique Store;  
 Mom & Dad call about P-louda  
 Jan 21 Sun - grade papers - Don Kelly & Stuart - pack  
 Jan 22 Mon - plane at 445 for Florida - called  
 arrive mid night or so Sheryl  
 Jan 23 Tues - Sanibel captiva - barbecue - to bed <sup>from</sup> ~~at~~ Florida  
 43 species etc.  
 Jan 24 Wed - took Okaloosa - fruit tower - Clewiston  
 Sun - dinner  
 Jan 25 - Thurs - Corkscrew Swamp; oyster bar on the  
 Gulf - Ft Meyer beach.

Final exams - they were prepared beautifully -  
 course - I typed the ditto; I arrived early &  
 ran them off - I felt very important &  
 loved it; all three grad took them in the large  
 room upstairs - no cheating (say Trotenberg)  
 the results were very good - only 2 fails;  
 I was very pleased - they really produced  
 results - most gratifying - I returned  
 to 321 & snacked quickly & went to  
 the opera - Pique Dame - in Russian -  
 well sung - Gedda was cancelled -  
 a Polish soprano sang Tessa & got  
 enthusiastic "bravas" à la fin - 14



was her debut - her name escape  
me at the moment; I returned to  
321st Galt, Jenny & I watched Burns  
& Allen; Feeling very gutsy I  
called NYU on Fri morning - I have  
an appointment on Feb 7 at 1030  
for the summer job of teaching  
a reading course for M.A. & Ph.D.  
Candidates at NYU - How I would  
love that job!; hopefully I can  
produce an impression favorable;  
I wanted to create something  
new for dinner - pork pie &  
black beans with rum - Jenny  
& Julie & the Fairhood sang the  
songs of praise - I felt very good;  
the pork pie was superb;  
Julia & I did an antique  
thing on Saturday afternoon  
on the Upper East Side  
of New York - such pretentious,  
condescending snobs -



utterly unseating - Julia & I wandered  
up & down second & 3rd Avenues for the  
afternoon - nothing in the shops -  
I wanted silver & Julia wanted  
a picture frame; we called  
Gene Wang - pas de réponse;  
Julia & I had dinner at the  
Chinese Restaurant at B'way &  
112th (?) - China Moon - very  
good - we had been there before -  
around 7 or so we went back  
to 321 to listen to Bernstein's  
Mass - I love it - Julia was  
enthusiastic; she doesn't know  
much about classical music -  
only ecclesiastical music, which  
is good; Around 10 Dad called -  
"Why don't you come down  
to Florida for a week" - I  
thought about 30 seconds  
& said yes - I made a  
reservation & called back Fla



Saying I would arrive on  
Mon. night - How whimsical -  
Now I am on the threshold  
of planning to make a week  
trip to Florida in January  
and a 2 week trip to Sweden  
in April; Julia & I continue  
to chat until around midnight.  
I wanted to say "bonsoir"  
to Julia & run up to the Fairbairns  
& tell Jack & all my good  
news - I have the feeling  
Julia suspected I was trying  
to get rid of her; I go to  
Fairbairns - M. was fun  
telling the story of how my  
Florida trip came about -  
we stayed late - Jack & I  
walked Jenny back &  
then back to 321; on  
Sunday PM I mailed  
my final exam papers.



Am Kelly & Stewart came by for various reasons to take to jail; I was, for some reason or another, nervous in their presence; weird; they stayed in & out - I packed when they left - very upset about Florida; I got up on Mon around 1130 - to the post office to send in my grade to Rabbi Brapman - then to the bank & then to East Side Terminal -

National Airlines - bought ticket I arrived at the airport a couple hours early - how utterly like me!; Called Sheryl - we chatted for about 1/2 hour - she was delighted to hear of my Florida news - I worked on Stendhal for a bit & then boarded - very good security checks were made before boarding; the



just 10 minutes out of New York  
were dreadful - very bad  
turbulence - We all stopped  
soon & we had a delightful  
flight to Orlando - Dinner  
en route - I began the  
Great Gatsby - Super -  
from Orlando to Tampa  
(extra modern & gorgeous  
apart) - from Tampa I  
changed plans - Saratoga  
& then Fort Meyer - all  
excellent flights; I  
was met at Fort Meyer  
by Mom & Dad - very  
sun-tanned & jolly; I  
got the tour - they  
took me to my apt -  
about 1 mile from there  
very tired - I slept -  
more or less - On Tues  
we went to Sanibel &



Captiva - had puked me up at  
8:30 - we breakfasted at their  
apt - heartily - then we set  
out for Sambo - palm trees &  
pelicans & skimmers etc - 43  
species that we saw on this  
day - about 10 were new for  
me - I suspect that the  
list will be made here sometime;  
the Ding Darling Sanctuary -  
Ornithological dream; we  
spent all afternoon - I loved it;  
we had Barbequed Ribs for  
dinner - good but not super -  
Briefly stopped at their apt.  
I then they brought me  
back here - I slept -  
On Wed - again - up at 7:30 -  
breakfast at 8:30 - off to  
Lake Okechobee - we did the  
circumference of the lake -  
the lake is not that



impression but it is very  
large; we went up a  
citrus tower somewhere —  
thousands of orange trees;  
grapefruit trees etc — Dad  
bought oranges & tangerines;  
we stopped at the only  
pineapple farm in the  
Continental USA — the  
Florida Jay sat on Mom's  
hand (see picture) — we  
had dinner at the Clewiston  
Luncheonette in Clewiston, Fla —  
lonely — that area reminds  
me of Flanders — rows  
of trees & flat fields —  
sugar cane here — crops  
in Flanders — we  
got back late & I  
withdrew after chatting  
briefly with Dutch  
at La Fenne — nice



people - Dutch like beer; it  
seems; Sunday was lovely -  
730 - up; <sup>grand return</sup> dinner at 830 -  
off to Corkscrew Swamp - 11,000  
acres owned by the National  
Audubon Society - boardwalk  
through a tropical woods -  
beautiful - see picture -  
numerous birds of all sorts -  
Yellowthroated & black & white  
Warblers; White ibis, red  
shouldered hawk; I loved it;  
we returned to Ft Meyer after  
about 4 hours of heavy birding  
I had dinner in an Oyster  
Bar on the Gulf of Mexico -  
lovely - Scallop stew, crab  
cakes - Shrimp, lobster -  
Before dinner we watched the  
sunset at Ft Meyer beach  
& took some shots of gulls  
before the sunset - I hope



they turn out as well as  
I would like them to;  
we came back to Capitol  
I watched a bit of television  
- "The Waltons" & then I  
came here and finished  
Gatsby - I loved it -

Magnificent evocation of  
an era & of a society - the  
use of light & tint & novel  
needs to be studied in

detail - I suspect it  
has already been done -  
Maybe not; we will  
probably do a beach thing  
tomorrow - I hope  
to accomplish two things  
work on Chapter four &  
work on a Sunday -

How I would love to  
re-appear up north in  
January with a



radiant tan; probably it will  
be slightly a burn; This is  
a weird state - very flat -  
very friendly & very transitory  
and appearance - all no story  
just WWII houses; mostly  
people over 50 who have  
"stumped & saved" for 40 years  
so that they could retire down  
here - who needs it - give  
me the big city as one  
says; this place is interesting  
from a nature point of view -  
but as far as civilization  
it's absent - too many  
who belong to the generation  
set - in restaurants it  
can be depressing to see  
so many "weird gens" -  
everyone seems to be waiting  
for it to all happen around  
them; enough of all that



Robert; I have been taking  
what I hope are great pictures;  
Farbrook's camera is a gem;  
it's great with that zoom  
lens - I hope it's a successful  
photographic undertaking -  
Wow - Volume III touched a  
la fin - déjà - four months  
have zoomed by - on to # 4

Jan 26 - ~~Mon~~ (Fri) - Ft Meyers Beach -  
dinner at home; Calaisa; the beach is  
lonely but "dead".

Jan 27 Fri (Sat) - Ft Meyers Beach -  
Calorie Sanders picnic; radiant sun -  
"Pete + Tillie" at movie.

Jan 28 Sat (Sun) - Edison Home; fishing  
pier; walk around; Spanish Main

Jan 29 Sun (Mon) - Zak + M + D + G - Pancake  
House - Okochobee - Palm  
Beach - Lions safari - Clewiston dinner

Jan 30 Mon (Tue) - city dump; Fort  
Meyers beach - great shells; oyster bar - bed

Jan 31 Tue (Wed) - 1045 plane to NYC.



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Volume IV

Jan 26, 1973 →

"Come my friends,  
tis not too late  
to seek a newer  
word"  
Alfred, Lord  
Tennyson.



Copies from little cards  
in Monique's sister's apt.  
in Geneva in April 1973.

"When all else fails — Eat"

"If you don't do it — you'll  
never know what would  
have happened, if you  
had done it"

"I'm searching myself —  
Have you seen me anywhere?"

"Slowly but surely, I'm  
getting nowhere"



The past month has been good - great  
for the soul as one says - Somehow I  
must go back to Friday, January 26  
in Fort Meyers, Florida - a million  
miles away from my present state  
of mind - and for that matter -  
position - Cheryl's apt. babysitting  
for Ansell while Cheryl is in  
Jamaica for a holiday. As we  
usually did, the day (26th Jan)  
began with one of mom's ranch -  
breakfasts at their apt - I'm sure  
I must have overeaten - So what  
else is new; we spent the day  
at the beach - playing - one of  
the few times in my life I can  
really recall playing with Mom &  
Dad; we picked shells, fed  
bread to the gulls - Mom & Dad  
were my bread throwers while  
I took pictures frantically -  
the beach at Fort Meyers is  
lonely - but covered with  
old people - as far as I can tell says;  
Mom & Dad seemed youngish  
thereon; on the way to the  
beach we spotted (I know) ~~known~~  
an Audubon's Caracara -  
how odd - I'd never even



heard of one before - It's a  
Mexican vulture - a pair we saw -  
which became our friends by the  
time I left Florida; On the  
27th as well we went to the  
beach and spent the day -  
I got some sunset pictures -  
naturally; we had dinner  
with the Caracara + Coloull  
Saunders - the sun was  
radiant all day and I seem  
to have tanned a good deal -  
like some college sophomore  
I hope everyone notices my  
tan when I get back to  
NY - well - they did + I  
loved it; In the evening of  
the 27th we went to see  
"Pete and Telle" at a Cinema  
near Chz Mom + Dad - I  
liked it - they thought  
it was a bit too vulgar -  
"Carol demeaned herself etc"

The last time I went to  
the movie with Mom +  
Dad was several years  
ago to see Romeo + Juliette -  
which didn't please  
them as much as I had



hoped it would; On Sunday  
we did the Edison winter  
home in Fort Meyer - a  
grand place - I loved the  
design of the house - all sorts  
of porches etc - It seems that  
Edison had patents on over  
1000 inventions - I never  
realized the extent of his  
genius - It's almost  
embarrassing; It was a  
particularly gloomy day &  
so I didn't get many  
pictures - It poured on  
we were pushing our tour  
of the estate; Some friends  
of Mom & Dad's arrived -  
the Zaks from Clark  
Summit - dreadfully  
nouveau-riche in manner -  
out to impress me & all  
in a rather amateurish  
way; We dined with  
them and Lute. It so  
femme at the Spanish  
Main - rather good but  
too gilty for my taste -  
It was very much a  
"restaurant"; On Monday



the 29th needed breakfast  
at the International pancake  
house près de l'aéroport —  
and then proceeded to drive  
across the state — we  
stopped at a lion preserve —  
saw animals etc —  
\$3.75 / person — rep off rather  
worth way — it was  
hardly more than May avg  
39° — we drove in a  
looked car through this  
allegedly safari atmosphere  
very much a rep off —  
I did, however, photograph  
two ostriches copulating —  
we continued to Palm  
Beach to visit Alwyn &  
Jack — they were not in —  
we drove thru the  
town — gorgeous & palatial —  
and returned to Clewiston  
for dinner at the Inn.  
Which is run by the U.S.  
Sugar Company — a  
rather nice place. On  
Tuesday we went out  
to the city dump so  
that I could photograph



the gulls there - as luck  
would have it - there were  
not many gulls around -  
we (the Zacks & us) went  
then to Fort Meyers beach -  
a banner day for shells -  
Mom & Dad say it was  
the best picking they have  
ever seen - we abundantly  
loaded up bags & bags &  
loved every minute of it;  
I took some good pictures  
on that day - some great  
pictures as it were -  
we dined at the Oyster  
Bar near the bridge on  
the way back from the  
beach - I liked that  
place a good deal; it  
was bed time for Robert -  
on the 31st I got the  
1045 AM plane to NYC  
from Fort Meyers - Mom  
& Dad & always & Jack  
drove me to the airport -  
it was fun - we  
departed very warmly  
and I was on my  
way North - the return



flew to NYC was just about  
perfect - a rather garrulous  
student sat next to me  
all the way back - I  
was in a good mood &  
enjoyed it all very much -  
naturally I had a good deal  
of organization to do when I  
got back - two rolls of  
my film were awaiting  
me - I was very pleased  
with the results and  
hope Mom & Dad will  
like the copies I make for  
them of the better slides;  
It seems that the possible  
job at NYU fell thru in  
my absence - there is  
no money at NYU it  
seems & so the graduate  
reading course which I  
had hoped to teach has  
fallen thru; On February  
12th I returned to Yeshiva  
High - altho they all did  
do a big thing about  
my sun tan - It  
seemed like I had been  
away from Yeshiva for



Months; In the evening I  
tried to get back into an  
academic schedule — Stendhal  
awaited me — On February 2  
I went to AMMA in the PM —  
I shall do some freelance  
copyrighting for the Multimedia  
Department — Roz Goed  
called and asked me to  
do it; the pay is OK (\$6/hr)  
and I can work when I  
want — Which will be  
Mon + Wed AM + Fri — PM.  
After work, Sheryl + Carol +  
I went to the Brewery for  
drinks, etc — It's cheap +  
OK — buy a drink + you  
can nibble enough to  
consider it dinner; On  
Saturday the 3rd, Janice  
Glosser Arrived — ugh —  
how awkward — Jerry  
was perfectly rude to her —  
Janice was somewhat of  
a pest — she just assumed  
we were delighted to have  
her at 321 for the weekend —  
Which we weren't. We  
had a nice dinner and



watched Fritz Lang's "M" —  
rather good — Janine seemed  
not to understand it too  
well — She couldn't talk  
about it at all intelligently;  
She slept in my bed and I  
on the floor. On the  
4th Janine + Jenny + I  
went to see Puerisdo Chunk  
and Grant's Tomb — Janine  
struck me as being  
"Little Nell" from the Country;  
We also visited the  
Cathedral of Saint John —  
a special favorite of mine;  
We put Janine on the bus  
(all reunion) and were on  
our way — Jenny went  
to 321 and I went to  
Town Hall — Bette Davis  
in person — It's part  
of a thing called Legendary  
Fads of the Cinema —  
What can I say — They  
showed clip from about  
fifteen of her films —  
Her excellent — +  
then she came out —  
wearing heptena — All



her fans were there and in  
good voice — An extra  
strong contingent of the  
gay community — Ieryl  
and I had the unfortunate  
pleasure of sitting behind  
a fanatic fan — he  
waved rather for everyone  
to hear — very embarrassing;  
It was a great joy  
seeing David — I took  
some slides which turned  
out quite well; On Mon.  
I returned to Yeshiva —  
and SMH until AM —  
I'm not very excited  
about either job frankly —  
the reason — Brooklyn College —  
On Tuesday the 6th I  
began there as an adjunct  
Lecturer in Modern Language —  
probably a turning point  
or significant day in  
my life — It means  
hopefully, that I will  
be able to stay in NY  
as long as I like and  
teach at a university;  
my class is great — I



It's such a joy to be back  
in the University arena  
again - "Whenever

there's Magic and  
Make believe - and an  
audience - there's theater".  
On Wed the 7th I went to  
a faculty meeting at Brooklyn  
College. It was routine -  
I got to see my colleagues -  
Most not very interesting,  
saw a few here and  
there - there seems to be  
a happy who teacher

Chinese lit - He seems  
friendly but I haven't  
seen him since. I  
took the bus (Q35 + Q  
22) and arrived at  
Yeshiva about an hour  
late - On the 8th I  
taught superbly - What  
a feeling - there's none  
like it - I noticed that  
one of my students is  
from Far Rockaway -  
Paul Gornstein - He  
drives to Rockaway on  
Tues. & Thurs. after the



Class; great luck; he gave  
me a ride at 2 PM & drops  
me at the door; how great  
can it be - It saves me over  
two hours of the subway twice  
a week - he's a tremendous  
person - I'm very fond of  
him - I must ask him if  
his girlfriend over to dinner  
at the first occasion; on  
Friday the 9th I thought well  
also - in Engersoll hall - a  
modern building across the  
quadrangle from Boylan Hall;  
I stopped in to see Zev  
Carney's mother at the  
Registrar's office after my class;  
she's very young in manner  
and enthusiastically "with it" -  
her daughter also works at  
her side - Zev finally  
appeared and acted very  
"look at me" and I  
was slightly put off by it -  
It was probably my fault -  
I went to the Bank & then  
to BMA - not very productive  
was I for BMA - In the  
evening I worked on Stendhal -



who seems to be coming along  
OK - he'll be finished in a  
week or so I suspect - that  
will allow me to get my  
rough draft of Flaubert  
done (at least) before I  
leave for Europe in April -  
On Saturday the 10, I went  
with Kate + Kostya to a flea  
market in Paramus, New  
Jersey - OK - K + K bought  
all sorts of goodies + I got  
a spoon or two - We returned  
to K + K's for dinner - Kate  
made a meatloaf - it  
took her several hours - she's  
incredibly slow in the  
kitchen but absolutely  
delightful all the while -  
Gosh (as I told her) probably  
the most patient person  
I know - I chose the  
music - frankly I'm  
a bit tired of Russian  
folk songs - which Kostya  
seems to always want to  
play - I wanted something  
eclectic - I stayed  
late and it was a



A thoroughly delightful evening;  
I was here on Sunday and  
hardly left 321 - I worked  
on Stenshal most of the day  
and in the evening went  
up to the Parkoods to show  
them my slide of Florida -  
I enjoyed seeing them on the  
large screen as did Beel &  
Chris - On Monday I  
did AMA in the AM - Sheryl  
and I chatted at length -  
actually we are good friends -  
we shall probably be friends  
for the rest of our lives and  
I look forward to that;  
at Yeshiva I asked for my  
Mammon check in advance so  
that I could buy some  
silver at the National  
Antique Show at Madison  
Square Garden - I  
finally got it on Thursday  
the 15th - In the  
meantime Sheryl lent me  
\$200 for the silver show -  
I paid her back in a  
few days - On Tuesday  
the 13th of February I



decided to grow a beard —  
already — in two weeks — it  
looks quite rakish; it's  
something else to be vain  
about; On Tues I had a  
great class at Brooklyn —  
Paul drove me practically  
to the point don't you know  
what a god send he is —  
we chatted at some length  
about golf — he is a  
avid golfer it seems;  
It would be rather fun to  
invite him & son & me  
to the Homestead sometime  
in the summer — that's  
food for thought — I'm  
really impressed by him —  
on Wednesday the 14th I  
really did it at BMA — as  
is obvious to many, my  
job at BMA is actually  
a sinecure — I did not  
a blessed thing all day  
there today — all I did  
was wander from one  
office to the next and  
chat — something  
which I find that I



do quite well; On Thursday I  
did a good class at B & O  
GUT - On the ride to Fort  
Hortaway, Paul listened to  
me ramble on about the  
pleasures of being a student -  
I tried to get a faculty  
parking lot sticker for him -  
no luck - I wish I had  
been able to do so, I would  
have liked to have been  
able to do that for him -  
On Friday the 16th I went  
to a meeting of French 1+2  
instructors at B & O - most  
of them are children - my  
chances for a full time  
position there are very  
good I think; I will  
make that move next  
week (i.e. - the first week  
of March) - How lovely  
it would be to have  
a job there this summer  
and a full time position  
there next summer -  
I did the recording for  
several black students  
of the dialogue - they



tape all of my "lectures" as  
they call them; actually  
it's very flattering; In my  
way to AMH in the PM I  
stopped off on 42nd street to  
leave a chair dryer to be  
repaired at a store little  
8th + 9th Avenue — On  
my way from there to AMH  
two ladies of pleasure, as it  
were, dressed alike,  
solicited me — "Double  
your pleasure, double your  
fun — let's have a party" —  
that's quite a line —  
AMH was a tremendous up —  
Carolyn the copywriter  
was there — She  
impressed me & at the  
same time made me  
very relaxed — In me  
that's a strange thing;  
On Saturday the 17th I  
went out to Great Neck to  
visit Jay & Nanny — it  
was very cold that day;  
Jay picked me up à la  
gare — It's fun to  
see them — Archie Roy



arrived in vauville - we had  
a pleasant late afternoon talking  
and drinking Merano  
(I took them a half gallon)  
Uncle Ray took us to dinner  
at La Crêpe in Monbasset -  
it was in the same shopping  
center where K & K had  
the disastrous antique show  
sale of their paintings, earlier  
in the year - it - late last  
fall. The place seemed  
filled with upper middle  
class Jews - the food  
was not very impressive -  
my crêpe with ratatouille  
was bland in the worst  
way - the onion soup is  
OK but not superlative;  
we watched All About Eve  
when we returned to Jay &  
Nan's - I loved it, of course.  
Jay & Nan & Uncle Ray  
enjoyed it I hope. I  
had just finished reading  
the Markings screenplay  
and so I knew most  
of the lines before they  
occurred - I love that



Movie & never tire of seeing  
it; after the movie Jay  
played the guitar and sang;  
we chatted until 346 AM  
when I left on the Long Island  
Railroad for Penn Station. —  
My only exposure to the  
LIRR was delightful — I  
found the train very  
modern & rapid — from  
Penn Station to Great Neck  
can be done in 33 minutes  
which isn't bad at all —  
I went to bed at 321  
at 530 AM & got up at  
1130 so that I could go  
to Madison Square Garden  
with Julia — the National  
Antique Show — we  
found our way through  
the teeming multitudes  
at the garden — I  
spent about \$150 dollars  
only, this year — I  
started the hell out of  
Julia apparently when  
I bought \$100 worth  
at one time — she  
wrote about her



reaction to my having spent  
all that money at one time  
in a letter she wrote to Don  
and which she shared  
with me a few days ago;  
I sought out Don Beck from last year -  
he didn't have any more coin  
spoons for me this year - I bought  
over a hundred from him last  
year - Julia and I spent a  
delightful afternoon at the  
show - we walked up 5th  
Avenue to 57th & over to  
CPW & up to McDonald's at 7th  
for "Beef" - It was a nice  
walk but I felt somewhat  
weak - probably because I  
hadn't slept well in a day or  
two; we retired to Julia's &  
had coffee - the evening  
ended late; on Monday I  
returned to the Garden with  
Sheryl - we got in for  
nothing - I said I was  
returning some silver - Sheryl  
and I did the whole show -  
I bought some more spoons -  
Sheryl contemplated a pair  
of spats but didn't buy them;



We had a delightful dinner at  
Tad's steak house on 34th & 7th  
Ave - I felt very New York  
doing that - Cheryl & I  
talked long & well - we  
spoke of her forthcoming trip  
to Jamaica and my sitting  
with her cat Anahel in  
her absence - we decided  
that since the guard at the  
Garden considered us husband  
and wife that we should  
play that role at Tad's -  
we decided to call that  
eatery "our" place - it was  
all very dull & much fun;  
I went up to the Fairbrook  
after leaving Cheryl and  
I felt that I was in a  
very sterile atmosphere.  
Jill & Jerry & Beulah were  
being very adult &  
"settled" - how dreary -  
On Tuesday the 20th I  
went to Far Rockaway -  
No class at BC - The  
Cretans really got me  
angry today - I walked  
out on the 10th & 11th grade



I was feeling hostile; the  
A train back to Manhattan  
aggravated that feeling — I  
decided I would ride in  
the front car — A little white  
hippie (about 12 or 13) was  
therein — As well as about  
6 middle class, middle aged  
blacks — the inevitable  
happened — 3 black kids  
(about 12 or 13 yr old) came  
into the car after money —  
some everyone in the car  
was either older or bigger  
than they, saw the little  
white hippie — they decided  
to pick on him — Actually  
punched him out — I  
intervened and saved  
the day — I felt very  
paternal and protective  
and also very good about  
my good deed — the little  
white hippie I did not  
exchange a word — he  
felt, I suspect, embarrassed  
that he needed help —  
I felt useful and needed  
and all that sort of thing;



Thursday - the 22nd - BC -  
Class was OK - Actually I  
did very well but just  
wasn't feeling psychologically  
up today - Pleasure  
ride with Paul to Far  
Rockaway - the little  
monster never let - only -  
I suppose had I not had  
the Rockaway job I  
would never have met  
Mrs Finklerstein, Paul  
Gornstein and I would  
never have visited Kostya's  
son Yuri in Long Beach -  
So I can really say the  
Far Rockaway thing has  
been bad - This all  
went etc; On the 23rd  
we had a canine visitor  
in my class - Paul's  
dog - only in an  
unhappy corner that  
happen - DMA was an  
up this afternoon - Dole  
Complemented me on my  
hair - Naturally I  
felt good about that -  
Sheryl & I had funds well;



I did some good work on Stendhal  
in the evening - actually I  
am rather fond of my efforts -  
the chapter reads well & it  
is almost entirely original  
which pleases me much;

On Saturday the 24th  
Joel & Jenny - Bill & Cheri & I  
went to see "Last Tango in  
Paris" - great film - very  
controversial - neighbours  
sex scenes - I just heard  
on the radio that the Italian  
boats are to be scrapped -  
what a crying shame -  
these gas the last vestige  
of the 19th Century in  
France; anyhow the film -  
Jenny & Cheri were pissy  
in their reaction - very  
"libbish" & all - I told  
Jenny she was full of shit;  
She has been irritating  
me with some regularity  
of late - I loved the  
incongruity of the film -  
On Saturday night after  
the film - a face from  
the past appeared -



Maretha Silvestre & Alma  
(Maretha was a former student  
at Oswego) dropped in -  
it was great - we picked  
up our last sentence from  
Oswego & took it from  
there. Maretha is  
ebullient as ever - I'm  
very fond of her - I shall  
have to arrange a  
time to see her & the  
Houghtons in Grand Con -  
we shall have a rumor  
soon I'm sure; Maretha  
had a grand year a so  
in Spain - A country  
in which I do not  
share her enthusiasm  
even tho I have never been  
there; Jenny was hostile  
to Maretha & Alma &  
that really pressed me  
off - it seems that I am  
a guest in my own apt.  
at the moment - she  
and Joel seem to have  
set up housekeeping -  
surely I shall move  
out of the apt at 321



Next year; probably before —  
I am very anxious to have  
my own place here in NYC  
Now — My head is ready —  
Yes — in time it will all  
be arranged; On Sunday  
the 25th Kate & Kostya & I  
went to the Russian Orthodox  
Church at 2nd ave & 2nd St  
for Blessing — with Caviar &  
sour cream — excellent —  
it was like stepping into  
old Russia — I was, I think,  
the only non Russian speaker  
there — I was also the  
youngest person there —  
It was enjoyable — K & K  
were into it in a big way —  
Kate did the vodka thing —  
Salt on the wrist — shot  
of vodka — very "native" —  
On a little scandalize — not  
Kostya & I but "beauties" —  
I loved it. We make  
quite a trio — actually  
unbeatable. After  
leaving the Church we went  
to Madison Square Garden —  
the Antiques — very crowded



Kate & I loved it & bought  
some things - Kate bought  
silver filigree pins & I  
bought 6 tablespoons -  
very noble ones, we were  
all across & went up  
to 801 Riverside to relax -  
Kate made hash & vegetables -  
Kostya made Russian potatoes -  
we had buttered pears  
ice cream - Kostya felt  
tired and withdrew  
early - Kate & I had  
a wonderful chat until  
130 or so & she & I can  
talk on for hours and  
hours with such  
incredible ease - She's  
such a joy to be around,  
Between the Russian Church  
& the Garden, we stopped  
at the gallery which  
sells other paintings on  
8th street & Mr Douglas -  
I met Simon & Easton  
and the third partner  
or employee or what -  
Kate it's in plaine  
forme - I was so



delighted to be with her - I  
really got a high from it;  
Monday the 26th was  
somewhat of a down - I  
went to AMH in the AM -  
Nah - the paper on which  
I am working will come  
to an end tomorrow I  
hope - Yeshiva was no  
outstanding experience  
today - Tuesday Julia & I  
went to Carnegie Hall -  
Magnificent - I love it -  
the Handel Society of NYC  
led Balthasar by Handel  
and Belshazzar's Feast  
by Walton - the latter  
was great & noisy & very  
modern - very exciting -  
saxophone, gongs, whips  
etc - the former was  
delightfully stodgy -  
at one point in the  
Handel work there is  
an enchanting "martial  
symphony during which  
it is supposed Balthasar  
is slain" - Both Julia  
and I loved it; we



took the bus to Julia's and  
had hell Paese and Peers -  
And altogether pleasant  
evening - en route to the  
subway I slipped on some  
ice at 79th street - I  
hurt my knee - When  
I returned to 321 Jerry  
was sleeping in my bed -  
talk about being moved  
out of your own apartment  
On Wed. I slept late  
I took my things to  
Sheryl's where I am at  
now - I had my boots  
half soled & new heels at  
103rd & B'way - \$7 -  
Good job - Wed PM I  
called in sick, at Yeshiva  
and went to HMA  
instead - Worked on my  
dissertation - After  
work I went to the  
APP at Christopher & 7th  
Avenue - brought provisions  
and settled down at  
Sheryl's to work on my  
thesis; a very productive  
evening - I enjoyed



the idea immensely of being  
alone in an apt - I shall  
have my own soon; slept well  
in her bed; On Sunday  
morning I got the train  
directly to Brooklyn - and  
taught very well - I am  
very fond of that class -  
had a pleasant chat with  
a Nigerian instructor from  
Bafra - if she can get a  
full time job at Brooklyn  
then surely I will have  
no difficulty - that's  
my project for next week;  
I'm delighted that I seem  
to have caught up with my  
journal - It's been a  
long time since I took  
up my pen - Class today  
was very good - several  
absent - Paul & I listened  
to Mrs Sarah Zarathustra  
on the way to Yeshiva -  
Aguedim Railroad is  
again open - the motley  
crew again gets on the  
train at Aguedim - It's  
much better than being



one says - "one of these days ..." -  
le grand peut être m'attend -  
Et c'est moi qui dois commencer -  
I feel rather confident that the  
time it will all work out; may  
move to get a full-time position  
will be made next week; It  
seems possible at this point.  
When I left BC I went to AMH -  
(the bank beforehand - I picked  
up the photo that Mark Gald  
took of me at Yeshiva - for real)  
at AMH I was terribly up all  
day - a high ego trip - I  
was probably experiencing side  
effects from BC - anyhow I  
finished the assessment  
Center thing - Arden - 43  
hours at \$6/hour - not bad -  
Since I am a freelance  
employee they do not take out  
federal, state & city tax -  
That's nice - Roy Gald  
has asked me to stay on at  
AMH and continue doing  
freelance work for them -  
Very good - I can always  
use the money - I Chatted  
with Philip Henry a bit today -



He's incredibly distant and even  
harder to talk to - He seems to have  
more than the usual share of  
hang-ups; Janice Glaser called  
me here at Sheryl's - ugh! -  
I discouraged her coming - she's  
so punctate and plodding -  
absolutely no finesse!

Saturday - the 3rd - I met K+K at  
the Gallery on 8th St; I loved it - I'm  
feeling more & more comfortable in the  
Village now; Simon was out - Frank  
& Eston were there - very unfriendly -  
K+K finally arrived - we drove  
out to Peepot, Long Island - Kostya  
wanted to buy a television enlarger -  
we got one at a Schlock joint -  
I wasn't optimistic at first at all -  
we had something to eat in a  
restaurant - Kostya had an attack  
of his dizziness - very unpleasant -  
we were upset - all plans for  
the day were canceled it  
seemed - I drove - we decided  
to stop in Great Neck on the way  
back - Kostya was feeling better -  
we visited Kate's friend Rita -  
fabulously wealthy it seems -



Another charming Kate's from  
her school days in Great Neck—  
She was very friendly but it  
was almost impossible to  
talk because Kate & Rita were  
talking so much; we spent  
a lovely few hours at Rita's  
& then I drove back to NYC  
via the McGowen's Neck Bridge—  
Kate & I took the car to the  
garage—Kostya went up to  
fix the screen on the television  
Kate and I bought Colonel  
Sander's chicken—We had  
poulet & conversation— I loved  
the whole day—I left the  
Rodko's around 1 AM and  
had to get back to 221—

Pas de probleme— On Sunday  
the 4th I arose early—  
I should have been tired  
but I wasn't—I went  
to the village—Sheryl's—  
and began working on  
finishing Stendhal—Yes—  
I worked all day & well  
into the night—Almost  
done—I wrote two  
important letters—asking



for a summer position at NYU  
and one for a summer position  
and a full-time one for  
next fall at Brooklyn College  
I want the latter so much  
it almost hurts - that  
will really mean that I  
have arrived - How lovely  
it will be if I can finish  
my dissertation this summer  
knowing that I have a  
position at Brooklyn College  
for the fall; that will make  
everything very easy for  
me - the transitions will  
all be so simple. Anyhow  
I wrote those letters on  
Sunday night - Monday  
the 5th I went to AMHA -  
what a down - Roz Gold  
was puky puky puky -  
she attacked the copy I  
handed into her saying  
that I showed only "white  
using" - "subject - verb -  
object" - in that order -  
How dreadful - I was  
insulted and not very  
capable of internalizing it



all; I left AMHA with a  
colossal chip on my shoulder;  
Yeshua was OK — not any  
thing special; In the  
evening at Sheryl's I wrote  
and worked again —  
I wrote a letter to Don & me  
to Earl explaining about  
my April travel plans  
for Europe; My composing;  
I was expecting Sheryl to  
return in the evening but  
she didn't — Tuesday was  
a good day — I find out that  
I am to be observed teaching  
by Professor Schul and by  
Professor Hill — that is  
great — I shall have  
more ammunition for the  
application I shall file  
for a full time position  
there; Class went well  
as usual; I was immensely  
pleased — On the ride to  
Far Rockaway I gave Paul  
the Earl Grey tea and the  
English breakfast tea —  
He was very touched and  
I was very pleased —



we shall probably become  
good friends; I'd get  
a fulltime position at BC  
It seems like a certainty  
and that pleases me  
greatly; Yeshiva was an up  
surprisingly - Rabbi Perr  
asked if it were Ash Wednesday  
and I didn't really know -  
He + Rabbi Brafman then  
argued about my parentage  
and I did the whale  
mayflower thing - I was  
very pleased and they were  
very impressed - word  
spread quickly through  
the school that I was  
super - WASP and I loved it;  
I made a special point  
about appearing "well  
bred" - You can imagine  
how that came off; It  
was a good day at Yeshiva;  
I was working calmly  
in the evening when  
Sheryl returned - She was  
very tense - we chatted  
at length about her trip  
to Jamaica - She had



A pleasant trip it seems —  
She & Carol De Manno met  
up with a couple of Canadian  
hippies — Stayed, she  
reports, looked like Mike  
Jaeger or how ever one  
spells his name; She  
brought me back a huge  
couch shell — I've never  
seen one so huge — I spent  
the night at her house;  
On Wednesday AM I did an  
AMH thing and Yeshiva —  
Neither one was particularly  
outstanding — Thursday  
was a big day — I was  
observed by Professor  
Schub and everything  
went smashingly — I  
did all sorts of "correct"  
classroom things and  
toed stoner and was  
generally excellent —  
I'm dying to hear what  
she had to say about it  
all and I am also  
curious to see what  
Professor Hill says — Just  
a ham — I love an



Audience - "Whenever there's  
Make believe and magic -  
And an audience, there's  
theater" - I was so  
enthusiastically teaching  
the whole method that I  
hardly - in fact didn't -  
have time to smoke a  
single cigarette - Which  
probably was good as  
far as pedagogy is  
concerned; after class  
I was exhausted from  
the whole thing but felt  
absolutely great; I had  
a few students come to  
my office and we reviewed  
for the exam; the ride  
to Rockaway was again  
a joy - I gave Paul  
a tea ball - a lovely  
one and he was again  
very appreciative - we  
had apples at a fruit  
stand en route - I  
shall have to invite he &  
his girl friend over for  
dinner sometime - that  
will be a rather whole



trip; I turned my hour  
labors into the department  
of water - it was produced  
late on Wed. evening and  
is a very good and beautiful  
exam; When the secretaries  
ran it off they stated  
how beautiful it was &  
this morning they told  
me how well it looked -  
I was very pleased - the  
exam of water went  
well - on my way thru  
Hell Gate of water I  
saw "Number 2" and didn't  
make my move - the  
ocean was there and  
I knew it - In class  
#2 was, it then makes  
any sense, distant -  
I was performing but  
to no avail - Robert - get  
off your ass - Anything  
is possible if you want  
it strongly enough -  
I had a closed mind  
at chemical deal with my  
DMA freelance check -  
She (Alicia) was



particularly obnoxious —  
Sheryl was along — The  
check from DMT was from  
Chemical bank and Chemical  
bank wouldn't cash it —  
I was furious — finally  
Seaman's bank near  
DMT did — Sheryl has an  
account there and counter  
signed the check — that  
money from DMT — (\$126  
for 20 hours work) seems  
like a gift from someone —  
not real — Love it — DMT  
was not so great this PM —  
I couldn't get it all  
together — I was & I'm  
sure angry at myself for  
having screwed up the  
entrance to BC this morning —  
Why didn't I go back —  
#22 was standing there  
and the opportunity was  
all mine — I should  
have made my move —  
Hopefully I will the  
next time the situation  
is present — Sheryl  
and I had a beer



at the Brewery on 50th St  
after work — we understood  
each other — And it was  
very pleasant — I came  
back to 321 and cleaned —  
and always do when I  
am here alone when Joel  
goes away on a vacation  
to Washington — Organized  
my notes and got ready  
for Flaubert's domain —  
I will probably go to BC  
and see what I can get  
done at the library —  
It could be very profitable  
not only academically but  
personally as well —  
Wonder that he loves —  
the possibility is so  
great I can just see it  
happening; At times  
I feel like I'm 12 and  
at other 45 — I am  
planning at this time to  
go to a concert at BC  
domain soon after a day  
at the library — that  
ought to be enjoyable —  
It may happen — domain



could do it; "Leza with a Z"  
was played again on the  
tube & song; really good —  
Leza Murelli is a lover of  
audiences — I understand  
that trip all to well — so  
who cares — that's what  
it's all about — It seems  
that I'm to have the opt.  
to myself for a while —  
Joel & Jerry are in Washington  
for a week or so — When  
they come back they will  
then dog-sit at the  
Fairbonds while they are  
in Florida — That will  
give me about three  
weeks or so to myself —  
Hopefully I will get  
my head together in that  
time — I seem to be  
growing more resolved  
day by day — that  
period of time should be  
productive as far as  
writing goes — It would  
be lovely to get well into  
Flaubert before going to  
Europe — that's what



shall henceforth refer to  
Hell Gate #2 as Flaubert -  
probably confusing - <sup>But</sup> ~~not~~  
I will work on the  
Bovary and will continue  
"to study Flaubert" & to  
learn more about him so  
my head will be in a  
proper place.

March 10 - Sat - BC lib; very productive;  
worked at home; Stendhal to John on mon.

March 11 - Sun - Long Beach; Yuri's - K&K 1/2  
Russian conversation;

March 12 - Mon - Yeshiva; hair dryer &  
DMH in AM.

March 13 - <sup>Tuesday</sup> Tues - observed by Hill; good  
dorm; not exam; Bus to Yeshiva Q35

March 14 - Wed - McNeilson affair; family  
meeting at BC; Bus to Yeshiva -  
drunk on; bus.

March 15 - Thurs - no class at Yeshiva;  
DMH in PM; work; Allen from Dan &  
 Sylvia & Moneque - scheduled -  
and didea.

March 16 - Fri -  
BC - 15 absent; talk with #50; DMH; store for  
K&K; pas grand chose le soir

March 17 - Sat - BC library; wine &  
final food preparation; rien le soir; tax refund  
Parkhotel - hair cut.

March 18 - Sun - Bloomfield flea market;  
dinner K&K & Julia; Joel returns engaged

March 19 - Mon - BC pay check; bank;  
DMH; gluttonous evening; poésie  
automatique.



The Bovary goes well - Flaubert is  
another problem; I outlined  
my chapter on the Bovary with  
great speed - Woud that  
Flaubert would fall into place  
that quickly. Tout vient à lui  
qui veut attendre! On the 10th  
of March I was feeling like I  
wanted to be amongst people -  
been seen - noticed etc - in  
short - I was feeling under-  
loved & all <sup>that</sup> - Hence I arose  
rather early & went to the library  
at Brooklyn College - It was  
a most productive academic  
day - I worked for over six hours  
on the Bovary and thought  
often of Flaubert - It is  
somewhat annoying that there  
is no smoking room at the  
BC library - hence - the  
necessity of going down to the  
lobby; the whole experience  
was good for my head if  
nothing else; What I had  
done earlier in the year was  
very helpful as regard the  
organization of the Bovary  
chapter; I left the library



Around 430 and journeyed  
back to 321 W. 103; In the  
evening I labored about the  
house and did some more work  
on Stendhal - the final  
touches on the Chapter before  
it went off to John - On  
Sunday I got up early & went  
to Long Beach with Kate & Kostya.  
We arrived in good time and  
spent a delightful day -  
Such gourmands we were -  
we all acetate in ridiculous  
excess - pot roast, Cabbage  
& mashed potatoes - how  
Russian; Kate & Kostya took  
along a cabbage pie which  
I found not very good -  
much too sharp and too  
unpleasant; we ate a  
huge portioning that - It was  
unfortunate that I  
could not talk to Yuri as  
much as I would have  
liked - too many people  
about - Kostya & I were  
involved in elections -  
Seems so nice but  
not monumentally interesting;



You and I, unfortunately, hardly  
had time to exchange a word;  
He had to leave for work around  
3; the day disintegrated for  
a few hours - K & K and I  
driven back at 501 Riverside  
Drive feeling like over-stuffed  
walruses - Such gluttony -  
We crawled into the apt.  
And slowly recuperated from  
the afternoon glee; we  
nibbled - tea - ice cream  
etc; the conversation turned  
quite naturally to things  
Russian - I was reading  
the new Russian cookbook  
that Kostya bought; He was  
correcting & teaching me -  
in that order; Kate has an  
immediate Russian vocabulary  
really complete; I left not  
too late and returned to 321  
feeling good - Slept almost  
flat out - in the Monday AM  
I went aboard to the  
bar dryer repair place on  
42nd betw 8th & 9th Avenue -  
from there I went to AMT for  
an hour or so; dull; from



there I went to Yeshiva -  
Equally unimpressed -  
I am really getting sick  
of the presuming attitude of  
the Yeshiva inhabitants -  
So parochial; Stultifying  
and naive; In the  
evening I felt good because  
I sent an editorial to John  
And am feeling rather  
good about that Chapter -  
It goes without saying  
that I am hoping John  
reacts favorably. On Tue  
I was absconded by Professor  
Hall at BC - the class  
was a good one and I was  
in good form - I gave  
them the oral for Hour  
Exam #1 so they were  
all there - which was  
good; I was pleased  
with what happened  
while Hall was there.  
The Q35 & Q22 bus took  
me to Yeshiva - Now  
Moshe - I arrived  
1 1/2 hours early because  
I was afraid of being



late; it was a pleasant  
day so I sat by the sun  
in front of the high school;  
my classes there, as  
usual, were an exercise  
in futility - More boring -  
sitting than anything else;  
on the 14th - Wednesday  
I did AMHA in the AM & at  
noon left for BC for a  
faculty meeting - on the  
way I directed an Oklahoma  
cuppe - John Apple - to  
Church Avenue - he had  
come to NYC for a week for  
Jutar. Persons it seems;  
we had a most pleasant  
chat all the way to Church  
Avenue - I enjoyed it  
heavily; the faculty  
meeting was dull & not  
of much interest - I  
went again by bus to  
Yeshiva - a drunk  
white man (40's)  
harassed me all the way -  
he wanted to know if I  
wanted a martini - he  
then produced a bottle



in a brown bag & had a  
slug whilst the bus crossed  
the Marine Park bridge—  
I declined his offer for a  
drink — he was going to  
Far Rockaway but  
decided it would not be  
good to change for the Q22  
at Neponset Home —  
He showed home; after  
Yeshua I went to Julia's—  
we were going to a Press  
opening by the Nelson  
again & very exclusive  
Impressario opening—  
extra — big & gated tickets;  
the movie was not particularly  
good but very enjoyable —  
Julia & I walked back to  
her place — we stopped  
at La Cipe on B'way  
at 74th & had a drink —  
the subject of conversation  
was Julia's favourite  
subject — Donald. On  
Thursday I taught at  
BC — good class — it  
was a pleasure not  
having an observer there;



I went from BC to PMH —  
the afternoon was not as  
good as it might have  
been — it was more or less  
a down all the way; when  
I got home a letter from  
Monique & me from Don  
were waiting for me —  
I well, it seems, he  
going to London after all —  
I called Jay & Nancy &  
made all the necessary  
reservations !!

[Nyc - Geneva - april 6 - TWA  
Geneva - London april 15 Swissair  
London - Nyc - april 23 - Air India  
I am particularly excited  
about the Air India  
segment of the voyage —  
It seems so incredibly  
exotic — I have wanted to  
do that Air line for a  
long time and am at  
last going to do it — Je  
ne puis qu'attendre;  
as one says; It seems that  
Jay and Nancy have bought  
part interest in a travel  
agency — that's why they



are handling my tickets & all;  
Friday was strange - about  
15 people were absent from my  
class at Brooklyn - it was  
nice weather - the class  
nonetheless was good - after  
class I went to the bank  
with my new spoons and  
my NY State tax refund (\$50) -  
from there I went to DMH -  
I wrote to Don & Earl & on  
Monday to tell them of my  
travel plans; DMH on Friday  
was OK but not terrific -  
When I came up town I went  
to the store - first at  
Zabars and then Dutch on  
103rd - all in preparation  
for my Sunday soiree with  
K&K and Julia; In the  
evening I didn't do  
much on Friday - I felt  
rather lost all evening;  
I couldn't get it all  
together; Saturday AM I  
went to the Brooklyn  
Library again - I was  
not in an especially  
productive mood but



Nevertheless accomplished some  
goals - Flaubert Chapter  
is getting itself in shape as  
far as le grande legue are  
concerned; On leaving the  
library I walked in the  
radiant sunshine to  
Newkirk & Nostrand Avenue  
Subway stop - depressing  
neighborhood - I bought  
some ice cream glasses at  
that Subway stop - I  
returned to 321 and did  
all my preparations for  
Sunday Dinner - And  
cleaned the appartement -  
later in the evening I went  
up to the Parhoads to  
have my hair cut -  
much too long had they  
become; the evening  
was pleasant - Chris & Bill  
made a fine souppé &  
we watched a bit of  
television; On Sunday  
Morning it was snowing  
magnificently - I went  
up to K & K2 and off to  
Bloomfield New Jersey



we went; Kostya was  
very lost on the system of  
highways we confronted &  
after crossing the George  
Washington Bridge, after  
getting off the N.Y.T. subway  
near the Newark airport  
we finally made our way  
to Bloomfield College  
Gymnasium — A good  
flea market — I got  
5 coin silver spoons that  
were \$4. each; not  
bad. Kate found a  
silver filigree butterfly &  
Kostya bought a horse.  
Sharon Stone came over  
to the gym & we had  
coffee and spent the  
afternoon at the flea  
market; I drove  
back to Manhattan. —

Route 3 — We arrived  
here at 321 W 103 around  
430 or so — K & H were  
very impressed by the  
app. and by its contents.  
We had pot salad &  
pout l'évêque and



Something to drink; very  
relaxing. Julia came  
about 6:30 and we ate  
shortly thereafter; fondue  
bourguignone - legumes  
assts & strawberries & sugar  
with mint melano cookies -  
a great success - Julia &  
KHK got along beautifully  
and I was very pleased;  
In the Medet & dinner  
Julia arrived back in  
NYC - laden with  
goodies of all sorts - Caviar  
& wine, Cheese, Meats,  
Canned goods - he  
drove Bud Fairhood's car  
and that is why he  
had so many bundles;  
Around 11 PM. KHK left -  
Julia & I went along -  
After dropping off Julia  
at 76th St KHK left  
me off on Riverside at  
103. On their way uptown  
I loved the evening &  
am quite sure that they  
enjoyed it as much as  
I did; Julia called



on Monday to thank me  
again, a nice thought.  
On Mon AM I went to  
BC to pick up my check  
and then went to the  
bank to deposit it as well  
as my federal tax return  
which arrived on Saturday  
morning; AMH in  
the PM. was work time  
I have much to do with  
the Supervisory Management  
Association and got some  
of the Copyrighting done;  
Noz Gabe seems to be  
very menopausal & somewhat  
"libby" in her manner -  
takes his pour elle;  
Monday evening I  
overate like a pig - I  
overate to the point that  
I could do no work  
in the evening; Joel  
Jerry & I however  
did write volume I  
of "Maximus automatus"  
of which we are  
all rather proud -  
Tuesday AM I went to



BC at 10.15 to talk with  
Professor Hill about Schuch's  
and his reactions to my  
teaching — both reports  
were favourable in all  
that really counts —  
Schuch's bothered me  
all day — She got  
really fussy about appearance  
and hair — She has  
in fact just about ruined  
my day and I have  
hated her all day —  
Hill was fussy about  
phonetics — he noted  
that I pronounced the  
"r" at the end of monseum —  
and yes, but an  
acknowledged one on my  
part — I always mis-  
pronounce — the  
last thing I will become  
is conventional; at  
any rate I was not  
as pleased with their  
reports as I would have  
liked — then again —  
I never have been nor  
has anyone I have



never know who has been  
observed by another teacher  
we all have our own style  
and consider all others  
slightly wrong — No  
matter — I am campaigning  
for a full time position at  
BC for next year and  
hope it all works out —  
My class at BC is material  
was among the best I  
have ever done — they  
were just about on the  
brink of applause at the  
end — I loved it —  
Paul drove me to Far  
Northway — early today —  
pleasant ride as usual —  
Our friendship seems  
to have either leveled  
off or is currently  
seeking a new direction —  
I say it by ear I guess —  
I worked in the  
Queensboro library in  
Far Northway — it was  
filled with children  
and Alpine School  
children, mostly black,



Who were more concerned  
with impressing each other  
than with being in a  
library. Yoshida was  
un-mendable - I was  
out of patience & touchy  
because of Professor Schaub's  
statement on my appearance -  
In the evening, I  
didn't do much - I'm  
waiting for Stendhal to  
come back - Bill Fairbrod  
came by to pick up a case  
of wine he left here -  
Heard Chris are on their  
way to Florida this  
week; Where was number  
2 today - pas la - today  
would have been a good  
day - I was in great  
form and gave a good  
performance - These  
Pagliaccio, Red  
Pagliaccio - It all seems  
very meaningful at the  
moment - May these  
days will all happen  
and how joyful it  
will be when it does.  
Someone else.....



- March 21 Wed - AMA - Sheryl butchery;  
no check; waiting for Stenahal.
- March 22 Thur - BC good; Yeshiva -  
unmemorable; Stenahal back on Fri.
- March 23 Fri - BC class; AMA - complete  
set of AMA material; dinner with Jerry & Joel at  
Pardov's
- March 24 Sat - Paramus with K&K + Julia;  
dinner at Julia's;
- March 25 Sun - Pomeroy Clusters with  
Julia; music at 321 with Julia.
- March 26 Mon - Rush typing at AMA;  
Yeshiva - mess - A train broke down  
back at 9 AM
- March 27 Tues - I did not win #3 lottery; Paul's  
car broke down; academy awards
- March 28 Wed - AMA; Yeshiva -  
exams for Yeshiva to soon.

It somehow seems like a long time  
since I wrote anything in the  
book - the past week has  
probably been hectic - which  
is not surprising since I  
currently have three part  
time jobs; at last some  
money seems to be coming  
my way - the AMA  
the large checks are not  
as regular as I would  
like - AMA owes me all



Kinds of money - maybe it's  
better that I don't know  
exactly when it will arrive -  
I can be surprised by it all  
and feel rich for a while -  
On the 21st AMA was un-  
memorable - Cheryl was  
biting and difficult - I  
wasn't exactly in a super  
mood myself - I was waiting  
for my Stendhal Chapter -  
naturally I was somewhat  
apprehensive after having  
sent Stendhal off to job -  
Tuesday was good -  
my class at B.C. was  
quite well done - that  
class is extraordinary - they  
really cause me to perform  
for them - the moment  
they respond at all I get  
turked on etc - it's a  
beautiful chain reaction -  
Paul Gornstein drove me  
to Yeshiva after la classe  
our friendship has reached  
somewhat of a plateau  
it seems - At times I  
get the impression he



doesn't want to be friends —  
probably it's just my  
over reaction to the whole  
matter; I did some work  
at the Queensboro branch  
of the NY Public Library at  
Far Rockaway — I led  
to the rafters with Jewish  
women and black kids —  
both equally noisy —  
On the 23rd I taught a  
Calvin class — Paul's  
dog is in quite bad shape  
it seems — the vet. does  
not seem apt to cure — the  
poor old dog is being fed  
intravenously — It doesn't  
seem to good — actually  
(so I learned on Tues) the  
dog died on Friday night —  
Paul and I didn't have  
much time to talk about  
it on Tuesday — because  
of the fact that our car  
went crazy on the  
way to Far Rockaway —  
we were on Flatbush  
Avenue & Western Road —  
Smoke came out of the



dash board — What to do —  
we pushed the Car over &  
began to examine it —  
both of us, it seems, are  
equally inept when it  
comes to figuring out what  
is wrong with a sick car —  
we dabbled for a bit &  
then Paul called his father  
I bought some beer in the  
meantime — Paul doesn't  
drink beer — I drank the  
Heineken Mai-même  
tout seul — his father  
arrived after about 1/2 hr  
and he dabbled for about  
20 minutes — then he called  
a garage & a truck came —  
in the meantime he  
bought us a slice of pizza  
Paul and his father are  
very much alike — they  
remind me of bears in  
so far as their manner  
of walking — I was  
playing a strange  
role on Monday — I'm  
not sure if my father  
expected me to act eccentric



or professional or luggage  
or what — I apted for  
myself and it all seemed  
to work out well —  
after about 1 1/2 hrs they  
drove me to the bus  
stop on the Q35 and  
then continued on their  
way to a garage with  
Paul's car in tow — the  
garage was at Utica  
Avenue in Brooklyn —  
I went to assign myself  
on the car incident I would  
give myself about a B —  
why I am not sure —  
I was finding it difficult  
to be sure what role I  
was playing — eccentric  
or pal or Superior or  
what? On the 28rd at  
HMA I finally acquired a  
complete set of the SMA  
Material and felt quite  
good about it all —  
was care — I had  
a drink with Steve  
at the Brewery after  
work on Friday — it



was quite pleasant actually;  
the waiters there  
compared me for a woman  
and was most embarrassed;  
I was much less bothered  
about it then she was;  
we had our usual "snacks"  
on the house - I overate there  
and then went to dinner  
with Joel & Jerry at W. 116th  
where they are currently  
staying; Jerry cooked  
a roast of beef and rice -  
It was quite good but  
I, unfortunately, was  
not hungry at dinner -  
I stayed most of the  
evening - we watched  
television - odd couple &  
Love American style - most  
drill suitout to dinner;  
I got my Chapter on  
Stendhal back on Friday -  
John found that "it was  
quite nicely done" - no  
revisions at all are  
to be made - I was &  
am ecstatic about it  
all - that means



that I can proceed with  
good speed on Flaubert -  
which I have prepared  
for writing - the outline  
and notes are just about  
in shape for my writing  
to begin; it would be  
nice if I could get a rough  
draft done before Europe  
but I don't think it will  
be possible; On Saturday  
the 24th Julia and I  
went to Paramus with  
Kate & Korty to a flea  
Market - we went up  
to their house at 11 AM -  
they were, come I habitude,  
somewhat late - we  
went up to Dyckman St  
and changed the oil  
in the car - 2 hr. delay -  
not really annoying  
because K & K are delightful  
anytime, any place -  
we arrived at the  
Paramus Book Club  
around 2 PM and  
began looking over  
the goodies - there were



some coin spoons but the  
prices were a bit high —  
\$5/chaume — About a dozen  
spoons; probably if I had  
had the money with me  
I would have bought the  
spoons for that price —  
just as well; I did buy  
a set of silver salt &  
pepper shakers for \$5 —  
excellent price — they  
are lovely & it's noble;  
Julia bought a victrola &  
a \$25 silver amulet; Kate  
bought jewelry — we are  
all very predictable &  
guess when it comes to  
flea markets; Kostya  
seemed happy and was  
not able to find any copper  
so he sucked a bit & then  
bought a pair of silver  
salt shakers; we spent  
much the day there; I  
drove back to Manhattan  
by what Kostya said to  
be the wrong road — I  
knew I was right and



he was convinced he was  
wrong - I was wrong  
as it turns out; he is  
so stubborn at times that  
it is really annoying;  
we arrived at Julia's in  
good time; I even  
secured a parking spot  
on 76th St. In for to chez  
Julia; on the corner -  
no less; Julia & I  
went to the store and  
K & K met Julia's cats  
I polished my new  
silver & made what I  
think is the best apple  
pie I have ever made -  
it was unforgettable -  
Kate & Julia loved it;  
Kostya picked at it; I  
slept to be down as Kostya  
at the moment; Julia  
made a yummy dinner  
baked chicken & rice &  
eggplant & salad -



We ate & ate & ate and  
around 1130 K+K had to  
leave; I stayed on a bit  
and helped Julia with the  
dishes; we enjoyed our-  
selves; On Sunday Julia  
and I decided we would  
go to the Clusters - alas -  
we took a picnic along -  
I brought linen napkins  
and wine glasses - we  
took the #4 bus and  
had our déjeuner sur  
une pierre dans le parc -  
it was a beautiful  
experience - the Europeans  
Julia and I decided that  
we have both "come a long  
way" - we wrote a  
note (actually Julia wrote  
something about "throw  
and scepters") and we  
enclosed it in a locker  
which we attached to a  
tree near the rock -  
sort of like "une bouteille  
mise à la mer".



we then visited the Clouston  
Inn about and home &  
then returned to 324 W103.  
Musi was in store —  
Brahm's Requiem &  
Mahler's Resurrection  
Symphony; also Vaughn  
Williams' Serenade  
to Musi (which Julia  
likes quite a bit it seems).

at about 11 I walked  
Julia to the bus (#104)  
We had a delightful  
weekend Julia & I;

On Monday I did PMH  
and Yeshiva — a script  
had to be rush typed for  
Ferde Sataro — I did it;  
on an IBM Selectric — a  
gorgeous machine —  
Getting to Far Rockaway  
is a mess; the bridge  
over Jamaica Bay is  
caving in it seems —  
the A train doesn't go



any farther than Broad  
Channel - what a pain  
in the ass - At Broad  
Channel it faut descendre  
And take a bus to Holland  
And Beach 90th street - then  
remonte dans le metro  
on the peninsula & continue  
to Matt Avenue - very  
amusing - Actually  
it was fixed today;  
is - Wednesday; On  
Tuesday I taught at BC  
as I reported earlier -  
then Paul's Car broke down  
in the evening the  
Academy Awards were  
on - Cabaret got 8 awards  
and I was ecstatic -  
Both Feza & Joel Grey got  
Oscars - Cloris Leachman  
is again magnificent to  
behead; Marlon Brando  
turned down his award  
because of the plegue of  
the American Indians -  
how nauseating - Art &  
Politics shocked never  
be mixed; During the



Awards ceremony I made  
my British Roadward  
Cavalry jacket into a  
mini jacket & put the  
green velvet border on it -  
I love it - it makes  
me feel like a matador  
or something; Wednesday  
I was tired and didn't  
get to AMHA until 1030  
or so - the morning  
was essentially marquet  
I didn't do anything  
as far as I recall -  
I did tell Edith that  
my checks were not  
coming in with the  
regularity that I  
would have liked -  
I got the F train to  
Borough Hall and then  
a brand new A train  
(dong dong) to Far  
Rockaway - it's  
such a joy riding in the  
new cars - I suppose  
it's only a matter of time  
before the aerosol paint  
maniacs attack and



Then the new train will  
be riddled with graffiti;  
at Yeshiva I made up  
my exams for tomorrow—  
the little monastery were  
not very lovable today—  
most surely — It  
seems that I have  
made up a rather difficult  
exam for them — that  
ought to put them in  
their place — I'm sure  
that it will give them  
something to think about  
for a full class period  
at any rate. I got a  
bilingual invitation to  
Earl & Monique's wedding  
today; my head has  
to spin all that together  
soon — Wow — leaving  
for Europe in 8 days —  
I must select an appropriate  
wedding gift for them —  
it will probably be silver  
spoons — the problem  
that I can't decide  
what size or how many  
I should give them



I don't really want  
to part with my treasure  
any of them — oh  
well I make a decision & be  
done with it; also —  
well I go to Penna.  
this week end? When  
will I go to visit Jay &  
Nanny? Shall I call  
Yuri? What's happening  
with #2 & Paul? Can  
it be put together?  
All these questions  
seem to be bombarding  
me at once — none are  
really painful but all  
require some action. —

Robert — you must  
remember — nothing ventured,  
nothing gained — shall  
I take all of my spoons  
to Carbondale this weekend?  
Yes — I think that would  
be nice — along with  
the slides I took when  
I was in Florida  
there will be a good time  
to visit Pennsylvania —  
avant la saison.



Sec attached page for March 29 →  
April 6th. (Departure day) —

Cont'd from (Yellow page)

Picked me up at Doughty  
Blvd & Central Avenue  
at 5 PM — We went to  
her office in Cedarhurst —  
very impressive — her  
name here arrived, as it  
were; they are into the  
travel business — they  
sold me my tickets for  
this holiday — I  
am delighted to do them  
the favor of being one  
of their first clients —  
Name dropped me  
at the school on Virginia  
Avenue (a new "Street") at  
7 PM — the parents  
came & went — She  
picked me up at 9:15  
clearly & easily — we  
went to their house  
& had a great evening —  
spoke & sang & danced  
& conversation until



4 PM - I spent the night  
they went to work at  
the AM - they had a  
breakfast engagement  
with Grossman & Anne  
went to Beulitz -  
Romy called & I  
answered - I'm sure  
he thinks Anne has  
a mysterious "lover" -  
said - I told her  
that Anne "had" depa  
left for work when he  
called - to my surprise  
I got the LIRR back to  
Manhattan & stopped  
at PMH to see Kate &  
Sheryl (the latter was  
all I saw there) Kate  
and I chatted at  
some length - It seems  
that her supervisor wants  
her to do her job somewhat  
"slappily" so that the  
work rate will be  
speeded up - how  
scandalous - Kate  
has no more capacity  
of doing her job badly



Alan, I am — we had an  
hour or so of conversation  
to she gave me the  
grape for Earl's Monique  
She kissed me & we  
said farewell for a  
few weeks — She's a  
magnificent human  
being and I understand  
perhaps too well —  
She's much like I am —  
Sharon Stone also gave  
me a farewell kiss —  
Sharon & I like also —  
I went to 321 and  
tried to arrange my  
head together for Europe —  
Jill & Jimmy had good  
news — they have  
found an apt. on W 117 St  
170 per month — a  
real find — We went  
to look at it — it's  
very big & an incredible  
find, but well  
probably move out  
of 321 W 103rd at the  
end of April —  
my return from Europe



well to lecture; although  
it's high time I moved  
again - two years in the  
same place can be rather  
limiting; Jack & Chatted  
about our moving  
plans - I will sit in  
West Jerry's apt during  
July & Aug while they  
are in Europe - I  
will stay with them  
in W. H. while I find  
a place of my own in  
N.Y. by June -  
Actually I will be  
their guest for two  
months & pay  $\frac{1}{3}$  of the  
rent - about \$100 -  
how incredibly low for  
N.Y. Tuesday was  
again good - I  
gave my oral exam  
at B.C. - I should  
add that we three  
Jack - Jerry & I all went  
to the Follies to tell  
them the good news  
of the apt - I lived  
in Regent - I should



remarked in reference to  
a question I asked —  
"James Cogaron" and  
naturally I assumed  
he was talking about  
me — We will go  
Again — Paul had a  
thing to do with  
the Day's affair & I  
waited for him with him  
while he went thru  
the procedure of dropping  
my course — The  
Plan got very upset &  
hostile — in 2 hrs. of  
waiting were essentially  
non-productive; we  
rode to Ephra — he  
thought that the golf  
coach might be helpful  
in getting around the  
bureaucracy at B.C. with  
reference to taking 18  
credit hours —  
in connection with all  
that he remarked —  
"The golf coach  
needs me, I think!" —  
We laughed — I



Spoke in reply to his remark  
that that was the  
story of my life - we  
laughed again. - again,  
C. M. H. said about  
going to York College -  
"We need me there" -  
well they are not the  
only ones who need him;  
Y. M. C. A. on Monday  
was so - so I  
prepared a sermon for  
next week - during  
my absence - new  
experience - I didn't  
tell two kids of your  
going to Switzerland  
for P. S. - On  
Thursday evening  
Julia & Jack & Jenny & I  
had dinner at the  
New Moon on 113th & Broadway  
very good - we spent  
a very pleasant dinner  
there - we all  
got on famously &  
had a splendid  
Chinese dinner - I like  
that place - W. H. A.



restaurant - yes - but  
it's not the glitz &  
extravagant thing that  
Mr. George can be - we  
ate & ate & ate - Julia  
presented me with a  
Bon Voyage cupcake -  
we cut it in 4 - after  
dinner we went to the  
Parkwood - they seemed  
indifferent to Julia -  
she was in good form  
& I was delighted to be  
with her - Bell & Chris  
are so much into the  
psychology thing that  
they can't see 2 inches  
in front of themselves -  
we had a faring  
demonstration of their  
gaucherie - Bell  
brought up the subject  
of Jack & Jerry's having  
eaten some of their  
food while they were  
staying in their  
apt. while they were  
in Florida - I was  
tacky & definitely



in very bad taste - Julia  
seemed (naturally) not  
embarrassed by it all -  
She's got a bit of that kind  
of situation; I left  
shortly after Bill  
made her pretty  
remarks about Jack &  
Jimmy having eaten some  
of her (Farhood's)  
food while they were  
sitting. Jack &  
Jimmy & I were  
brought very close  
together in leaving  
because we discussed  
our reactions to Bill's  
reticence - We  
went back to 321 &  
chatted on - Julia went  
to the #104 bus (I  
accompanied her) around  
midnight & then I  
began to pack -  
much to do - I had to  
wash my clothes &  
do all my packing -  
I finally got to  
bed around 2 AM.



Friday was - I should  
say "has been" - better -  
I gave the exam at BC -  
I was very tired that  
many of my students  
needed the good  
variation - Paul informed  
me during the exam  
that he was transferring  
to York College -  
Went to 321 Tappan  
exam & parked  
my flight to Geneva  
was cancelled - Name  
called - Said I was  
in Swissair - NO - TWA  
I called Yuri & cancelled  
our drink at the airport  
because I thought I  
was flying on Swissair -  
Called Name & told  
her I would meet them  
at Swissair at the  
airport - parked -  
left for airport -  
East Side Terminal -  
they (at TWA) didn't  
know that 832 was  
cancelled - I arrived



at JFK about 5 PM +  
went to Sweeney + TWA -  
Pent came to call +  
waited for Jay + Name  
to arrive at TWA -  
they arrived at about  
6 PM - we had drinks  
at the VIP Club at  
TWA and it was great -  
Jay + Name were in  
great form - as was -  
we had a very warm  
chat at the bar - I  
love them - they are  
beautiful for me - they  
understand me -  
and understand when  
we make demands  
on each other that are  
not beyond reason but  
which give us great  
satisfaction mutually -  
they are the kind of  
people we want  
to know for many  
many years -  
they put me on  
my TWA 747  
Ambassador at about



7 PM and I was somewhat  
tipsy from my two  
martinis at the UP Club —  
all the while I was  
flying to Paris (at least  
the first 4 hours or so  
I thought about who  
I am & also wrote  
in the diary — I love  
to write in plane —  
I always seem to have  
memorable moments  
while I am flying &  
I have a tendency to  
evaluate & sort out —  
and make new plans —  
the flight thus far has  
been a pure joy — I  
have been so absorbed  
in writing that I have  
not had time to think  
about Europe really —  
I am in the process  
of evaluating the  
past week — two  
weeks ahead — at  
least the next 17  
days — I need the  
the material for



Many more pages in  
this Journal intended -  
doubtless I will take  
up my pen again before  
leaving in Geneva  
in a few hours -  
I have to change plane  
in Paris & will arrive  
at Geneva at 10 45 AM  
on Saturday Morning  
the 7th of April -  
I hope Eak will have  
received my cable about  
my delayed departure  
by the time I arrive.

March 29 - April 6th - 1973  
(on yellow pages & herein -  
but dans l'avion entre  
NY et Paris - TWA).



April 6 - Fri - N.Y., Paris, Geneva, Brigitte & Monique  
 7 - Sat - Paris & Geneva; at gare. Sion - Noëlle  
 8 - Sun - <sup>up at 5 AM - began F. Luchet;</sup> Chaux; East & d. walk; dinner  
 9 - Mon - direct Geneva; Monique there -  
 10 - Tues -  <sup>Mme Bellagie; Etal Restaurant</sup> convert; strolling  <sup>museum at</sup>  
 11 - Wed -  <sup>lunch & chère at am. Franciscan;</sup> meet JoAnna; E & M - I gave gift  
 12 - Thurs - lunch Madame; in villa with Noëlle  
 13 - Fri - en ville; Dominique answer; etal  
 14 - Sat - wedding - civil; Geneva apt;  <sup>old city drinking;</sup> religious reception; Frank & Jan<sup>12</sup>  
 15 Sun -  <sup>up at 11; 2 P.M. plane for London;</sup> super flight; D & S meet me at  
 Heathrow; dinner on Albert Street  
 16 - Mon -  <sup>abbey at Westminster; London</sup> Univ. pool; dinner on Albert  
 17 - Tues -  <sup>Sylvan & I walk in town; white</sup> Richard & Kate's place; Donald's  
 "creature fit"; pork stew  
 18 - Wed - Hampton court; tennis  
 John & divine stop by - "agva"  
 for dinner; at home - writing  
 cheap chess; Peggy's for "junk".  
 19 - Thurs - Queen's gallery -  
 opera at Covent Garden  
 20 Fri - lunch with Peter & Sue  
 near Oving; dinner  
 21 - Sat - the Barclay's on Wyndham -  
 Shaw; mins; dinner  
 22 - Sun -  <sup>up late; ride to the Tower,</sup> St Paul's; costume;  
 Easter dinner.  
 23 - Mon - Air India → N.Y.



Wednesday, April 18, 1973  
112 Albert Street (D, 5 + 2).

Monday, March 23-73  
Air India - 747B - flight  
no. 101 -<sup>th</sup> NYC from London.

Well, Robert, here we go again -  
It seems that I last wrote  
on these pages months ago -  
yet it was only two short  
weeks - two weeks holiday  
in Europe - A Swiss  
wedding and a lovely  
London holiday; At the  
moment I am filled  
with a very peculiar &  
yet very recognizable  
gloom. It's the departure  
blue - that might make  
a good subject for a  
song that would doubtless  
be much to gauge for  
all concerned - it's the  
kind of thought which  
is best left un-uttered -  
yet, one feels compelled  
to utter such things -  
At least, I do.



London has done it to me - quite  
often (with alarming regularity,  
in fact) one fall in love  
with people - very different -  
you & me occasionally  
flip out over a city & a  
mentality, a country -  
Such has been my experience  
for the past eight days -  
they have done such a  
number on my head that  
I may have to have one  
of those re-grouping  
conversations with myself  
that are not only necessary  
but also inevitable every  
few years - the last time  
I ever really experienced  
such a phenomenon was  
arriving in New York  
a few years ago - My  
whole "vision du monde"  
underwent a significant  
"jolt" - albeit positive  
but nevertheless a jolt;  
but that's all a part of  
history; at the moment  
my mind is "jolted"  
(Surely a better word for



what I am experiencing  
at the moment (that  
"fated" seems so mechanical)  
London and I will meet  
again - This summer  
most likely - I wonder  
if I am to spend the  
rest of my life changing  
my environment - That's  
Emma's problem - She  
had a wonderful - but  
naturally I see myself as  
being more rational than  
Emma and in fact, I believe  
I am; London however  
much I like New York, has  
become a "Yonville - Hodge -  
A Rouen - a Paris" for me  
and, yet am to continue  
to fulfil my fictional  
story - I will  
doubtless return to these  
shores very shortly - the  
question now is when -  
It seems that this summer  
will be a good time -  
Actually what I could  
do is finish my dissertation  
as far as possible and



get all my final addenda's  
together and then come to  
London and "polish" my  
"Opus Magnus" - that  
seems like it would be a  
productive endeavour.  
Now I feel compelled to take  
up my "poetic quill" and  
écouter de poésie à Donald et à  
Sylvie & I'll use my  
hermetic - their names will  
supply the first letters for  
each verse of poetry - I  
know there is a grand  
rhetorical device for such  
a thing but I am, at the  
moment, unable to recall  
what it is; No matter - I  
shall write "une poésie"  
for Donald and Sylvie -  
perhaps Ophelia as well.  
during the flight I'll do  
that - we seem to have had  
an moderate amount of  
waiting to do on the ground  
in London - first of all &  
perhaps worst of all -  
My & Nanny really  
screwed up my travel



Arrangements - all of  
that mess that occurred  
before my departure -  
and now - my ticket was  
made out improperly -  
my ticket said that I  
was to leave London at  
2 PM - well - we encountered  
phenomenal traffic on the  
way from 112 Albert Street -  
we arrived at Heathrow  
at 125 - which was good  
time for my so-called  
2 PM departure; as it  
turns out the flight #101  
was to leave London at 1 PM -  
there is was for the fact  
that the flight was delayed  
an hour (an oil leak  
in one of the jet engines -  
the oil tank had to be  
replaced) I would have  
emphatically missed my  
flight - I really can't  
understand how Jay &  
Nancy could have screwed  
up the schedule so  
much; it seems to  
me that they owe me  
an apology and I shall



communicate to them my  
disgust. I hoped Sylvia &  
I hardly had time to say  
a proper farewell at  
Heathrow - actually it is  
probably good - we might  
have gotten Maudlin &  
weepy; not really - we  
all three of us, understand  
the departure, things very  
well. We had a super  
time together here in London -  
it makes my Geneva  
holiday all seem very  
far away - dull and  
"cute" - yes, that's the word  
for the Swiss holiday - it  
was "cute", I was hostile  
for much of the time I  
was in Geneva - there  
it was for some few soured  
I wish I would have  
had unpleasant memories  
of the Swiss wedding du  
siècle - Dominique  
was grand, Anne -  
Françoise I liked -  
A Canadian girl whose  
name I can't recall -



they made it all very worth  
while. but London - it  
was the "top" as one might  
have said twenty years  
ago. Now - we are about  
to take off - Air India #101 -  
London & NYC - it all seems  
like an impossibility - I  
guess there has been a bit  
of water over the falls  
in the year since I left  
Carbondale, PA - Air India  
makes its announcements  
in Indian, English & German -  
"Full Exoticism"; I'm hungry -  
I shall devour my lunch  
with great zeal; Runway  
38 from Heathrow says the  
Captain - On a clear day  
we would have been able  
to see Windsor Castle on  
the right shortly after  
takeoff - however the  
visibility today in  
London precludes such  
a sight; BEA - Air India -  
KLM - And away we  
go - such a line up -  
the jets are now rumbling



Well, as it turns out Windsor Castle  
was visible after all - So was  
the rain storm through which  
we just passed; I'm sitting  
in Seat 51C (near a tree  
plane) and we are doing  
a bit of rocking about I  
typically English clouds  
I suspect; Rather thick -  
we have been airborne for  
about five minutes and  
the clouds are still about  
us; At the moment it  
seems to be getting brighter  
which, I suspect, means  
we are about to go above  
the cloud cover - Two  
things come to mind -  
my arrival in Paris in  
1967 on Air France -  
very bad clouds - Mrs  
Betty was rather upset  
by them all - The  
second thing is - what  
must it have been like  
to cross the Atlantic  
in the old prop plane -  
what must Lindbergh  
have gone through -



well - so much for my historical  
excursions on the history of  
trans-atlantic aviation -  
the seat belt signs just  
went off and tout le  
monde seems to be bent  
on walking about - the  
clik-clik-clik of about  
a hundred seat belts is  
a rather curious sound;  
I suspect they all feel  
they are getting their  
money's worth by walking  
around in a 747 "the  
folks at home etc" thing.  
I feel I should comment  
on my fellow travellers -  
they are young - it  
seems that two or three  
high school groups have  
also booked passage  
on this flight - the  
Camp Hill group -  
including the basketball  
and track team - are  
aboard; it seems they  
would be more comfortable  
going to West Point or  
perhaps Washington, DC.



the social elite of the high school group is naturally most demonstrative; they are the one who either promenade in order to accept the greetings of their peers or else (which seems to be the exception) they remain seated and their followers make their way to the seat of said celebrity. all very predictable, all very natural and all of it very far away from me at the moment; the "decor" of the aircraft is, not surprisingly, very Alchian Asper - also in truth the wall panels look more like Persian prints than what I imagine to be typically Indian - a rather primitive appearing Indian landscape decorates the screen on which some dreary film will be shown after the dinner has been served; the Eskimos will doubtless regale themselves with all of that.



I wanted to stay in London but  
I know full well that I  
must return to NYC and take  
up my appointed task there.  
Hopefully I will be able to  
get it all together at B.C.  
during the next month or  
so. When I return to London  
I will have to make my  
own friends and contacts —  
much an easy thing for  
me to do; I really did  
meet a lot of people during  
my 2 week holiday on  
the Continent — I shall  
now attempt to run through  
the past two weeks —  
the historical perspective  
will not diminish the  
sharpness of my perception  
I suspect; According to  
the Captain — I have 6  
hours in order to complete  
these pages — we are  
now, it seems, over  
the Irish Sea — we  
arrive in NYC at 5:10 —  
which means I will  
have to deal with the



tail end of rush hour in Manhattan -  
I should be able to get to  
321 W 103 by around 7 PM;  
So much for dinner - Chicken  
Korma, rice pilaf + legumes  
spices - very good and most  
unusual; Most of my fellow  
countrymen, not surprisingly,  
chose the sirloin steak instead  
of the Indian food - how  
bland on their part - they  
are as bland as the food  
(Sir - steak) they eat -  
A nation of carnivores  
who vacillate between  
medium rare & well-done -  
Somehow I want to say  
"half-baked"; Anyhow -  
Easter Sunday in London -  
the day was far from  
conventional - we arose  
late - Petra from Holland  
was in town & was  
reunited by Don & Sylvia -  
She arrived from the  
Hague late in the day -  
the people she was  
coming to visit were  
not in (John & Alvine) -



We arose late & ate - Cheese,  
bread & butter - One of the  
principal meals that I have  
taken during my European  
sojourn - We decided - the  
daisy weather notwithstanding -  
to have a visit to London  
Bridge and the Tower -  
We drove over to see if John &  
Alvina were at home on our  
way downtown - Personne -  
Ophelia & Twiggy were  
with us - The former  
very much in the heat & the  
latter very much concerned  
with that phenomenon;  
the tower bridge seemed  
bigger than I had expected;  
the tower itself - plus  
Peter; a lovely drive -  
you were all "en costume" -  
I looked, as Don said,  
"embly marin" - At  
Saint Paul's I placed  
4 pennies in the collection  
box - A magnificent  
Christopher Wren Church -  
the dome is an exact  
copy of Saint Peter's in  
Rome.



after we did St Paul's we returned  
to 112 Albert Street and "dod"  
Easter Dinner - which  
consisted of a Sunny Capon,  
stuffed with apples & onions -  
Pauvau cobbler - they  
were the outstanding  
elements which we  
prepared - I assembled  
a rather snappy green  
salad to which I added  
Cauliflower, Stilton Cheese,  
orange & lemon rind &  
Carrots - we ate around  
midnight - capriciously &  
well; we were four -  
Sylvia, Dorcas, A Dutch  
girl (Petra) & I -  
after dinner Sylvia &  
Petra retired & Dorcas &  
I talked while I did  
the dishes; somewhat  
of a problem inasmuch  
as 112 Albert Street  
does not have hot  
water, no for that  
matter, does not have a  
toilet that flushes nor  
does it have central  
heating -



one gets accustomed rather  
quickly, I found, to bathing  
in a bowl - just the  
absence of a toilet that  
flushes can be somewhat  
annoying to say the least,  
(whether it was sub-common  
or not - I just returned  
from the toilet on this  
747B) - Also I have just  
purchased two bottles of  
Reiny-Martin USOP - two  
pints - for 2 pounds -  
bon marché to say the least,  
we went to bed around 2  
because I had to be at Heathrow  
for my 2 PM flight to NYC -  
It seems I ought to  
back up and begin with  
my arrival in London  
on Sunday of last week -  
that is to say on April  
15th - On Sunday  
morning I awoke  
rather early and did  
my packing - I didn't  
really have much to pack  
but nonetheless I had to  
get organized - I did



all that and left my room  
and went over to Earl's  
to await him & Monique who  
were driving me to the air-  
port — They came around  
2 PM and we went to  
dinner at a restaurant  
près du lac Benne where  
three or four of Earl & Monique's  
friends were waiting for  
us — we dined well  
and copiously — filet  
de perches du lac — most  
enjoyable — we ate outside  
il faisait du soleil —  
the girls whom we met  
at the restaurant bought  
us lunch — Ma bien  
regalé — surtout Earl —  
qui a acheté du vin —  
il a aussi beaucoup  
admiré long d'une  
de ses amies qui était  
fort sympathique —  
When we finished lunch  
we went to the  
Hotel Intercontinental  
where we picked up  
Frank and Jan and



then proceeded to the airport;  
at the airport we had  
a beer before Frank & Jan  
left — then flight for  
Nizh — no PC was about  
an hour before mine for  
London — Morugue's  
cousin Johnny was  
there & really — I enjoyed  
the conversation, like  
the whole week in  
Geneva, was stilled —  
Most curiously, we  
sat in the same Café  
on the 15th before my  
departure as we did  
two years ago when  
I was in Geneva —  
I had the feeling that  
I was "de trop" — all  
that French bull shyt —  
Café Normande really  
shakes me most ill —  
we said farewell —  
Eve & Morugue made  
such a big deal over  
Frank & Jan that I  
began to feel like a  
garçon de café —



I nonetheless got on the  
plane for London & got quite  
moody - I thought of  
Earl & Monique - Don &  
Sylvia & of Dominique  
de Lyon - How I did  
enjoy talking with him;  
En décollant j'ai écrit  
une poésie à son honneur -  
A rather good one I think;  
the flight to London on  
Swissair CV990 - was  
among the best I have  
ever had - the plane  
is much smoother than  
n'importe quel autre avion  
even in clouds & over  
water & mountains - I  
was most impressed;  
the food was super -  
Cured mushrooms served  
on artichoke hearts -  
Magnificent Charcuterie;  
Apricot Cream & Chocolate;  
I Arrived at Heathrow  
very well sated - I  
went thru Customs  
sans difficulté and  
expected to see Don.



And Sylvia waiting for  
me - prison - I  
regrouped for a bit &  
then called - Sylvia  
answered and I  
was ecstatic - I'm not  
so good at finding  
accommodations in a  
foreign city - Actually  
I do a good job of it  
it's just that I'm not  
so fond of the experience  
I phoned DFB and  
Sally - they answered  
and were beautifully  
excited - As was I  
they came out to pick  
me up in their car  
(An Austin called Parker)  
along with Ophelia -  
Such a spectacle -  
Donned a tip - the  
manner of walking  
I was ecstatic to see  
them and we had a  
coffee ensemble a  
la aeroport avant  
le party pour  
112 Albert Street -



the ride was a joy - everything  
I saw struck me as being  
"typically English" - much to  
the amusement of Don &  
Sylvia - we arrived at  
112 Albert Street - D & S  
live in the garden flat -  
i.e. - they have been  
reduced to that - they  
used to have the whole  
house - 4 floors - plus  
hot water & bathroom -  
now they are living  
rustically as it were.  
The place had the un-  
mistakable imprint of  
Donald's personality -  
a rather elaborate desk;  
mirrors; piles of books -  
cards on the wall. We  
chatted furiously about  
the past two years  
and had dinner - lamb  
tranchees stuffed with  
rice & mushrooms - very  
good even tho I am  
not too fond of lamb -  
I was much tired &  
so I went to bed before



too terribly long; on Monday  
PM we got up around  
noon and ate, as we  
did on most of my days  
in London, cheese & meat  
and bread abundantly.  
Somehow, their not  
having a refrigerator didn't  
seem to bother me;  
I decided that we should  
see the Abbey at Westminster.  
We went a ped around  
Parliament & Big Ben &  
then to the Abbey —  
Actually, it was somewhat  
of a disappointment —  
it was not as gaudi-  
ous & noised as we  
liked — altho I really  
didn't see much of the  
Abbey because the part  
beyond the transept  
was closed due to a  
rehearsal for a performance  
of the Sack of Mathew  
Passion that night —  
The Chapter House was  
a joy and I took  
several "snaps" therein



from the Abbey we went to  
the pool of the University of  
London - Moqueupcent -  
I was ready for some time -  
I was also I was not  
surprisingly - most out  
of shape because I have  
not swum for a long  
time even tho I enjoy  
doing so very much -  
I should begin swimming  
at BC after my class -  
that would be very  
good for me; the pool  
was grand as was the  
shower which followed;  
we went home and had  
a snack and at 930  
went up to Kate & Richard's -  
David Roson was there  
(a former teacher of Don's  
at Columbia) - very  
nice people altho somewhat  
strange in couples -  
Kate (Jewish punier) +  
Richard (shy gentle)  
are married -  
David Roson - the  
prototypical Jew Bag



who has arrived; I  
talked with Richard at  
some length — he com-  
plimented me on my  
dissertation etc — I  
enjoyed it all — he was  
(I<sup>st</sup>) a terrific listener;  
Home to bed we went —  
Tuesday — now let me  
see — at the moment  
I can't seem to find  
Tuesday — Ah yes —  
Sylvia & I took a  
walk in London — we  
did Tottenham Court Road  
and the area around  
the University of London —  
I bought some magnificent  
white British Navy  
Pajamas — they are  
absolutely gorgeous —  
perhaps a little dye  
them green upon  
my return — We  
had a lovely walk &  
I really got an idea  
of the city — I love  
London — it is so  
young & friendly &



non-pretentious - which  
seems surprising; When  
we got back to 112 Albert  
(after tea in town) Sylvia  
set about making a  
pork stew - very good -  
the outstanding event  
of the evening was what  
I shall call Donald's  
"creature fit" - absolutely  
amazing - he flew into  
a white rage at the  
drop of a hat - it was  
all directed at Sylvia  
about some trivial  
matter which didn't  
deserve being  
mentioned. Nonetheless,  
Donald made a big  
deal out of it & raged  
at Sylvia for what  
seemed an eternity -  
I was most un-  
comfortable - I  
suppose it's an exaggerated  
case of "desertation  
frustration" - they seem  
to have had a  
reconciliation later in the



evening - gave a Dinner -  
Wednesday was Hampton  
Court day - the drive  
out is through sub-  
urban London - most  
enjoyable - the Palace  
at Hampton Court & the  
gardens are magnificent -  
We "did" the picture  
gallery - D & S were  
much more into that  
than I was - I did  
buy the Choir which  
detail the Busts  
propaganda from 1066  
to the present as well  
as post cards of the  
reigns of Henry 8 & of  
Elizabeth I - Being  
at Hampton Court got  
me very excited about  
English history and  
I carried on a  
good deal about all  
that - in our walk  
about the gardens  
I did my many  
leaves from David  
films - surtout



The Virgin Queen and All About  
Her; We laughed  
abundantly and had  
a splendid walk in the  
Gardens; Sylvia & I went  
into the gaze — what  
a bore; I took many  
photographs before we  
left for London — I thoroughly  
enjoyed the day; When  
we got back to 112 Albert  
John & Alice stopped  
by — both are Dutch —  
the former has an in-  
credible command of  
English — They joined  
the three of us for  
dinner at Van Aldrian  
Place in London called  
"Goa" — very good  
Shrimp Curry —  
We entered into a  
discussion of aesthetics  
after dinner in which —  
I in my opinion — I  
shone brilliantly — I  
have had that con-  
versation so many times  
before that I had all



My example at my finger  
tips; I was feeling very  
educated and rational  
and all after our discussion;  
we drove past Windsor  
Castle on our way to  
the house near Hyde  
Park in which John &  
Alma are "squinting" -  
A common occurrence  
in London it seems;  
they are in a 40 or so  
room house & the rent  
is zero - What could  
be better than that;  
we stopped in a bit but  
John & I got going on  
a political discussion -  
I wasn't really  
very interested in  
what I was saying  
or hearing but  
nevertheless I talked  
well and asked  
the necessary questions -  
Dora was annoyed  
a bit & suggested  
we leave - which  
we did; all during my



stay in London seem to have  
had a rather brilliant  
conversationalist — that by  
my estimation, of the whole  
matter anyhow — I  
was most pleased —

Donald, I think, was  
amused — perhaps jealous —

At any rate he did  
restate my command  
of the English language;

which, I should say,  
is good — especially when

I am riding in the  
back seat of a car or

when I am sitting at  
a dinner table; two

situations when the  
words really seem to

flow out in well-timed  
and turned phrases;

we returned to 112 Albert  
Street, had some tea &

withdrew for the  
evening — I slept on

a mattress in front  
of the front basement

window — very very  
comfortable indeed!



Jordi itais extraordinary —  
the Queen's Gallery at  
Buckingham Palace, and  
Tosca at Covent Garden.

John + Alvin came over around  
Wed - day + we all (sans Don)  
took the Underground to downtown  
London (Camden town → Trafalgar)

I love the underground —  
smaller cars than NYC —  
upholstered seats — the  
smell of air — no —  
absolutely no graffiti —  
most extraordinary;

Apparently it is  
something which has  
flourished in NYC only  
during the past couple  
of years — the graffiti  
on the subway.

Alvin + Sylvia + I went  
to the Queen's gallery at  
Buckingham Palace —

A showing of Renaissance  
sketches largely by  
Leonardo, Michelangelo +  
Raphael — lovely show —  
I enjoyed some of  
the drawings by the



fellows of the three named  
artists as much as I did  
the works of the Masters  
Bellini, and recall, was  
well represented in the  
show. The week from  
that gallery through  
St James Park, and then  
to Trafalgar Square —  
St James's Park is lovely —  
A took several photos —  
including several of  
Victoria & Albert  
Palace — perhaps I  
shall make her into  
a cue here — She is  
ready for a renovation;  
we got the tube back  
to Camden Town & had  
a snack & then went  
to the Royal Opera House  
at Covent Garden —  
Tosca with Bergonzi &  
Bumbry and an  
excellent Scarpia —  
Mike (a friend of D & S's  
from near Ormg) joined  
us — we had great  
seats in the Amphitheatre



my accepted the opera  
glasses & it all began —  
He was ecstatic and  
was hoping that D+S  
would get into it in a  
big way since it was  
their first opera —  
Such a performance  
it was — Bumbry  
was magnificent —  
I was annoyed that  
no one applauded after  
"Recondite Harmonia" —  
typically English reserve  
I decided  
Donato sang the last  
few minutes of Act I  
and I was delighted,  
In Act II Bumbry  
was spectacular in  
her performance of  
the Vissi D'arte &  
I was the first one  
to send forth a  
"brava" — At last  
the typically English  
we had heard broken —  
her brava's were  
thunderous; it was



a magnificent soprano,  
Sylvia enjoyed the  
throat & clear tone of  
Tosca as she wiped out  
Scarpia. So did we  
all. Act II was  
followed by enthusiastic  
bravo's & bravas. —  
I was overjoyed that  
DJS showed so greatly  
great preference;  
Act III was no  
disappointment either.  
Bergonzi sent forth  
two incredible  
"Vittoria's" — the  
house loved it. —  
the "Avanti a Dio"  
was chopped in half  
but was nonetheless  
exciting. — The applause  
and bravo's shook  
out so many, many  
encores — "e" —  
certain calls. At  
the end of the whole  
evening I was most  
exhausted and very  
very delighted that



D&S could have been there  
with me, I'm quite sure  
they enjoyed themselves —  
perhaps not as much as I  
but nonetheless they did;  
Donald seemed very much  
impressed when I told  
him that the orchestra  
would probably take a  
bow at the beginning  
of the third act — So  
much for what was  
a super super day in  
London. On Friday we  
drove out into the country  
near Oxford in Buckingham-  
shire to Aunt the old  
Schoolhouse where D&S  
were lived and to have  
lunch with Peter & Sue —  
we arrived at 10.20  
for lunch — Avocado  
pate & Crackers & a  
rice & fish Casserole  
which was super —  
I thought that the  
fish was bacon —  
Peter & Sue are distant —  
at least that's how



they struck me — they  
seemed pre-occupied as  
being "liberal" — perhaps  
I'm just over-reacting to  
what I found to be an  
uncomfortable situation —  
we dined luxuriously and  
then the Peter & Sue  
thing seemed to fall  
apart — D & S & H and  
Janie (Sue's sister)  
went to Waddesdon  
Manor — in many  
ways much more  
spectacular than Chambord —  
it was built by the  
Rothschilds in the late  
19th C — it is fully  
furnished and totally  
dazzling — the  
daffodils were out in  
abundance on the  
grounds and we  
all enjoyed promenadeing  
thru them — The  
Avenue at Waddesdon  
has Macaws (including  
a monstrous blue &  
yellow) which fly



fully - along with a  
rather grand cocktail;  
I hope my Waddellson  
Major photos show  
the magnificence of  
the place - I've  
never seen anything  
quite like it - it  
makes the Vanderbilt  
Mansion at Hyde Park  
seem somewhat  
Cottage-like; When  
we finished at Waddellson  
Major we returned to  
Peter & Sue's and  
shortly thereafter went  
to Overly to see the  
Schoolhouse - it's in  
a textbook English  
village - most  
picturesque - I did  
enjoy seeing it  
after having heard  
so much about it -  
we were not able  
to go inside because  
it is currently  
being renovated  
(air turbulence - bad)



we visited the area around  
the school and then headed  
back to London - to Margot's  
house - Papa Temmyson -  
the latter was knighted  
by the Queen - he is the  
Grandson of Lord Alfred  
Temmyson - quite  
pavely I could do  
without this air - turbulence;  
which is supposed to last  
for about another hour &  
then we are to be  
greeted in days by a  
thunderstorm - for  
your seat belts & all -  
It's going to be a rocky  
evening. Anyhow  
back to Margot -  
When we arrived we  
had to watch the last  
hour of a documentary  
on Simone Weil with  
her & Papa & Margot's  
son - Reasonably  
interesting but just a  
bit too preachy about  
Catholicism for my taste;  
When the movie was



over me took brandy & sherry  
in the drawing room  
the spoke of our history —  
Margot is apparently  
a maniac-depressed  
but I had no indication  
of that all the while  
we were there; Snow  
covered Newfoundland  
is below us at the  
moment & we seem to  
have passed out of that  
turbulence for the  
moment, we left  
Margot's around  
10 30 - no 11 30 and  
went home to bed — I  
found out in the car  
on the ride home that  
Pappa Tennyson was  
knighted by the Queen  
and also that he was  
the grandson of Alfred  
Lord Tennyson — How  
extraordinary — My  
first "Sir" before  
leaving <sup>point</sup> the hall, went  
into the garden to admire  
the almond trees in  
bloom



On Saturday we again got  
up early to begin an  
expedition to Perpendent  
have lunch with the  
Barclays - Owners of  
the house at 112 Albert  
Street, in which D & S are  
caretakers. Really -  
they are wonderfully  
English people -  
Elizabeth is amusing  
every time she opens  
her mouth - Peter is  
a shy English lawyer -  
we hesitated and they  
decided we were off to  
visit Shaw's corner -  
the home of G. B. Shaw -  
the house was interesting  
but I didn't really get  
into it because I don't  
know that much about  
Shaw - Sylvia was  
asking many intelligent  
questions as were Peter &  
Elizabeth - we visited  
the garden studio  
where Shaw wrote all  
his plays; the guide



was most well informed;  
we went to a few Clunkers  
nearly and saw a  
Maggie's 12th C  
run near Shaw's corner  
I offered lodgings to  
the Barclay's son when  
he returns from India  
& comes to the United  
States in July — I  
wonder if he will  
accept my offer of  
hospitality (or) —  
we returned to the Barclay's  
home in Haymarket &  
examined the plans  
for the house on Albert  
Street — Chatted about  
Mr. Teaching — Act —  
Feldman and Leges (pronounced  
"Léggér" by the English) —  
Peter & Elizabeth didn't  
recognize the name  
"Klé" when pronounced  
in the French manner —  
they thought we  
were speaking of an  
artist whose name  
was spelled "Clay".



Very amusing. We had  
dinner - potatoes & Chews.  
Cauliflower & ham - typically  
English - We Chatted over  
Coffee at length in the  
drawing room - Don &  
Sylvia spoke of their  
2 years on the road -  
I spoke of NYC & my  
experiences there - We  
spoke of the house on  
Albert Street - very  
enjoyable evening -  
they enjoyed our  
company as much as  
we enjoyed their's. I  
Chatted most freely on  
the way home - Don  
compared me to a  
parakeet - I do  
enjoy a good talk  
with them - I was  
in the backseat of the  
car & the words flowed  
most freely. We went  
home to Albert Street &  
straightaway went to  
bed - Sylvia & I did  
at least - Don stayed



up just about all night  
as is his wont — My  
experience on Saturday  
have recounted earlier  
And so at this point I  
shall skip back to April  
(47) when I arrived in  
Geneva for Earl & Monique's  
wedding —

April 7 — I arrived at Geneva  
in good spirits — completely  
sober however — I was so  
wiped out from the flight  
& my drinking that I  
couldn't even partake of  
the pastries & Choersant's  
offered on the flight from  
Paris to Geneva — the  
flight was good — I  
was much too tired to  
really enjoy it fully —  
When I arrived in Geneva  
it all seemed like 2 yrs  
ago — I went thru  
Customs sans difficulté  
and was met by  
Monique and her friend  
Brigitte the lawyer & her



dog. I was not really that  
excited about seeing them  
and Monique made me  
very uptight as she usually  
does; she strikes me as  
being moderately sincere —  
and "secretary-ish" at times,  
anyhow we drove à la  
gare and I was informed  
that I was to go to Jon  
where Earl & son Pierre were  
to meet me — We had  
coffee before leaving Genève  
Monique called Earl &  
we chatted on the phone —  
great to hear his voice —  
I got on the train for Jon  
and began to work on  
my dissertation — Flaubert —  
I was being admired  
by several peasant type  
youngish — they couldn't  
quite figure out what I  
was doing and who  
I was — of course I  
played the whole thing  
up — the landscape  
from the train window  
as we moved along



late Geneva and into the Alps  
was magnificent — I  
was in a strange mood —  
happy & at the same time  
extremely depressed —  
I was alone and was  
wishing & dreading  
I began to wonder just  
how far I was — I  
every time the train  
stopped I had to seek  
quickly the signs —  
Alas at 2 P.M. I  
arrived at Ison — I have  
been here before — Earl &  
Son, you met me — how  
ridiculously strange to see  
Mr. Maette in the  
middle of Switzerland —  
Anyhow Earl looked filled  
with enthusiasm about  
his forthcoming marriage  
I was delighted to see  
him — He drove in  
Monique's car to Montana  
Crest — Earl drove like  
a maniac — he was  
trying to show how  
European he is behind.



the wheel - far from being  
impressed & was frightened;  
And let him know about  
it; the road up to Montana  
Cians is a chuchman -  
very very winding & narrow -  
and no guard rails -  
most dangerous -  
Mr. Maete upset me -  
he stuck me as being  
horribly provoked - a  
feeling I had for much of  
my week in Geneva -  
We arrived in Montana -  
Cians and I saw Mr.  
Maete on the sidewalk -  
how utterly strange -  
Comme je disais - May  
& Holding were with  
them - they were all  
delighted to see me -  
Probably because I spoke  
English - I regretted  
that I be allowed to  
take a shower and relax -  
which is what I did -  
Earl and I went to  
the apartment and I  
bathed and went to



bed - how good it felt - the  
view from the apt. window  
was like the post card  
view of the alps - It was  
magnificent - Earl &  
the family returned  
several hours later &  
began cooking dinner -  
I awoke around 9 PM  
and we ate - I was  
very hungry - the  
dinner was great fun -  
I feel like Henry James  
at that reunion -  
how bizarre that the  
Wheeler Faute Chair & I  
should be sitting down  
to dinner in one of "the"  
elegant Swiss Resorts -  
It all seemed slightly  
out of place - and time  
shortly after dinner I  
again went to sleep -  
Added everyone -  
I slept well and  
awoke about 5 AM  
and decided to work  
on my Flaubert  
chapter - as a matter



of food write several pages  
before day break & I  
feel very good about that;  
Actually I began my  
Chapter on Flaubert in  
the alps — how  
"romantic" — it seems like  
the "Mad scribbler" but —  
who is suddenly seized  
by an "excess of emotion" —

Earl got up around  
9 and we chatted —  
it was Sunday morning —  
Earl & I decided to go  
for a walk — we walked  
several miles through  
alpine villages and  
"caught up" as one  
says; Earl seems to be  
out of it in many respects  
at the moment — at  
least as I define the  
term "out of it" —  
He seems so "preppy"  
in appearance and in  
"outlook" — we had  
a nice walk and  
returned to the apt —  
the family was out



and we went looking  
for them down to village  
As last would say —  
we found Mr Noelle  
& Hiding down in  
bar — drinking like  
College freshmen —  
Now embarrassing —  
they were drinking  
most alcoholic beer &  
Cognac & were most  
promiscuous in their  
manner — I was  
most uneasy about  
the whole thing —  
we dragged them out  
of there and went  
off to the Cafe' du Centre  
where Mrs Noelle &  
May were "having a  
coffee" — Mrs Noelle  
was a real — she  
began smoking Mr  
Noelle's pipe and I  
photographed her —  
Good photos as I  
now know — we  
went to the apt and  
dinner was cooked —



As I recall we had some  
sort of steak which was  
very good; boiled potatoes  
and Carrots & Cheese &  
"Pain de Valais" - a  
crown shaped thing & off  
the consistency of "Pain  
italien" - That was very  
very good in my opinion  
but the family seemed  
to make a big deal out  
of the "local bread" -  
General Chat - I then  
off to bed - On Mon.  
morning Earl & I left for  
Geneva - it had snowed  
a good deal in the  
night & it was very  
very foggy - naturally I  
was frightened in  
descending the curving  
mountain road which  
had no guard rails -  
the trip to Geneva was  
pleasant - we had a  
good Chat Earl & I -  
about us - Earl's  
Marriage - my  
experiences in life -



When we arrived in Geneva  
we went first to Madame  
Bellastri's - la Courtisane  
She is the one who is  
making "la blouse" -  
we had a fitting -  
blue satin - somewhat  
Nehru-like - very much  
what I would expect for  
Earl & Monique's design -  
I was hoping for  
something more - oh well -  
the marriage seemed like  
it was taking place in  
1963 and not 1973 -  
Costume and mental  
state of Earl & Monique  
struck me as being very  
much 1963. When we  
had finished Chez la  
Courtisane we went  
to Monique's parents'  
flat - a rather snappy  
apt in downtown  
Geneva - very elegant  
as it were; Mrs  
Reday is very sympathique  
we had breakfast -  
Madame Reday remarked



that - "en ce qui concerne  
l'esthétique, il serait mieux  
si Robert Monique se mariait"  
we are both tall etc -  
I will however if we were to  
marry; Actually she is  
so pushy & domineering that  
I find her very hard to  
take at times - Anyhow -  
we had breakfast at  
Monique's parents' house.  
I settled into my room at  
the institute - took a  
shower and rested - In  
the Evening Earl & I &  
Monique & Brigitte had  
dinner at an Italian  
Restaurant in the  
banlieue of Geneva -  
It was OK - My three  
dinner companions  
struck me as being  
dull and not very well  
read - So that I am a bit  
ingenuous of you Robert?  
Well - Actually that



was my opinion I can't  
deny it; the evening  
came to an end rather  
early and we all went  
our separate ways;  
the highlight Tuesday  
was a concert at Victoria  
Hall - Radio Frankfurt  
Orchestra - they did a  
Bruckner Symphony which  
was beautifully performed -  
Victoria Hall is a joy -  
most of the seats in the  
house do not have a  
view of the stage - the  
acoustics are quite  
good however - Beel  
~~Paule~~<sup>Maette</sup> annoyed me  
throughout with her  
coughing & moving -  
After the concert we



went to a Brasserie and  
had quelque chose a  
manger — that experience  
falls into that grouping  
of things known as  
"cuté", I believe. I  
could hardly wait till  
it was over; we again  
went to Monique's  
apartment where M. &  
Anne Noelle were staying;  
they had been drinking  
and were particularly  
obnoxious in my  
opinion; to sleep, to  
sleep and all that;

On Wednesday the  
highlight of the day was  
the wine & cheese thing  
chez Anne-Francoise —  
very bizarre grouping  
of people — i.e. — Earl's  
friends — the Noelle



contingent was game —  
they were dreadfully  
provoked throughout —  
Mr. Macete pulled a spoked  
wheel routine and  
inquired why no one  
was talking to him —  
well — the truth of the  
matter is — he was so  
obnoxious & manifestly  
uninteresting that it is  
no wonder he was alone  
at the soiree — I  
met some interesting  
people at the soiree —  
A certain Peter & so forth  
were very nice; Anne-  
Francoise also; a  
Canadian girl — the  
evening was a delight —  
I was in great form  
as far as my French



gave and surely I did  
impress them all with  
my linguistic ability  
as well as my knowledge  
of the arts - about which  
they don't seem to know  
very much. Before the  
party I gave E & M their  
wedding gift - 8 sterling  
spoons from my collection -  
victorian art nouveau -  
they were very cordially  
received - I thought  
my choice was inspired -  
I find it most distressing  
that they have chosen  
some sort of pewtery - plated  
stuff for their wedding  
silver. - It would have  
been better had they done  
a silver thing - actually  
Monique's grand'mere,  
it seems, gave them a  
set of wine cups - But -  
E & Monique disappointed  
me with regard to their



then a gentle; Et I stayed  
up quite late discussing  
the gaucheries of M. Naette  
un payan dans la ville;  
Joanna arrived on  
Wednesday — her story  
is not so easy to tell —  
she is from Kansas, I believe,  
and is living now in  
Dakar, Senegal — I think  
what she wants is to  
marry a rich black man  
from Senegal — She  
reminded me of Faythe  
from Oswego — largely  
unorganized and mostly  
delightful. It seems  
she was preparing a  
trunk to be sent to  
Senegal — We helped  
her load it on Thursday  
afternoon — in the  
Boudé (Sp) — Anne  
Francine, Joanne,  
Bill Naette & I —



It seems that le concierge  
n'a pas voulu nous permettre  
to throw out our garbage  
in the garbage can —  
leave it to the French  
mentality — At times they  
are so petty is is a  
wonder how they, as a  
nation, have advanced  
their way into the  
20th Century. [Mr. &  
Shirley add, I is being  
written from to train  
en route de NYC & DC  
on May 18th. — Again  
I travel to a wedding —  
this time it's Jack's &  
Jenny's engagement  
party in Washington]  
Monday was fun —  
Mr & Mrs. M. met & I —  
as well as E & M were  
invited to lunch chez  
Marlise — a totally  
charming woman by  
all accounts — Je  
m'attendais a voir  
quelque chose de plus  
age — en fait — etc



et puis je me suis mise  
à pour le Corniche - elle  
est belle - allemande -  
et professeur - the  
adversary of Earl of the  
Institute - we had a  
"fondue Chuvane" - very  
good - it's slaves of  
they coaxed on skaters  
in hot bouillon -  
most good - in fact -  
I loved it. Therefore  
did a - "I have to  
return to work" trip -  
how petty - actually  
she didn't want to  
spend a minute more  
than she had to with  
the diverse provisions  
from Tilton - She  
managed to make  
herself the center of  
attention for one  
very short moment -  
I thought that I  
was a divine  
conversationalist through -  
out the lunch -  
Mr & Mrs Nallie



seemed fascinated by the  
following subjects - I les  
regards de l'homme; la  
circulation à 5 heures  
de l'après-midi - the  
weather etc - how  
totally dreadful they  
would be were dinner  
partners for Charles  
Bovary and his group;  
Some they spent a good  
deal of time talking of  
subjects that vitally  
concerned the Noëls;  
they felt needed &  
wanted and all that -  
actually Marline, I'm  
sure, was as amused as  
I was by the facile  
behavior of Mr & Mrs  
Noël - like small  
children and animals  
they can be manipulated  
by a morsel of  
porridge. All the while  
I'm sure they felt  
as sophisticated as  
is humanly possible -  
they seemed to have a



"Wait till the facts of the case  
come about the "attitude  
glued over their faces —  
The apt. of Marlene, &  
Shorel, magnificent —  
Aggressively efficient &  
most Swiss in appearance —  
She seems to have a thing  
for the color red —  
It was everywhere —  
Anyhow — I stayed  
on with the Noets  
until late afternoon —  
We said our farewells  
and got the train  
back to Geneva —  
I enjoyed immensely  
meeting Marlene but  
I do so regret having  
to chat of such  
trivial subjects with  
her — and only to please  
the Noets. —  
We got back to  
"Centre ville" — the  
Noets' and I went  
à la Placette —  
How irritating —  
Mrs Noets immediately



went to the coffee shop —  
she seemed to be — pass the  
latter store; Mr. Thelotte  
was looking for bargains  
in the store — I am quite  
sure that if someone told  
him he could purchase  
the Matterhorn for \$2.98  
he would lament the  
price a bit — I seem to be  
very hostile towards  
them for many reasons —  
their cheapness has a lot  
to do with it — perhaps  
they read L'Espresso at an  
early age and it stuck  
with them — then, again —  
their reading — for  
the past 60 years, I  
am sure, is more in  
the Daily News bracket  
than anything else —  
they are so concerned  
with what happened  
last night yesterday &  
this morning that they  
never learn anything  
about themselves, their  
world or their acts —



Throughout my stay I  
saw many a very much  
highly educated & perhaps  
more so than most  
everyone I met — there  
were a few exceptions —  
Maurice & Corinne from  
Lyon — Dominique —

is an outstanding  
exception — he is an  
architect and a joy to  
talk to — I met him

on Friday afternoon —  
he drove his moto-  
cyclette to Lyon & Jeanne  
& Frank & Jan, it seems,  
also arrived on Friday —  
we went to their room  
at the Helton — No it  
was the Hotel Inter-  
Continental — it might  
just as well have been  
the Helton — glitzy  
as you can get —  
they had arrived at  
6 PM from NYC &  
went straightaway  
to bed — we went  
to see them at around



me or so, the Arms Command  
during blare - most  
festive - from the room  
then was a magnificent  
panorama of the lake  
the alps & the Cathedral  
are generally - much of  
Geneva - most spartly  
the rustic cottage in the  
mountains but very  
nice, no doubt -  
Frank looks like a young  
Peter Lawford and Jack  
looks rather matronly -  
Alcoa Washington, P C  
Society Matron - to be -  
they seem to have  
broadened their horizons  
a bit since we last  
met - they have been  
to the Continent many  
many times because of  
Frank's job with the  
airline. I did  
enjoy seeing them even  
though I got a bit  
jealous of the big deal  
that was being made  
over the annual -



well it wasn't exactly a  
trip across Crystal Lake  
for me — leave it to  
Frank — they gave E & M  
a barometer for a  
wedding gift — actually  
I suppose it's better  
than a toaster though  
not much — actually  
(watch your repetitions)  
now Robert is very  
much Frank & Jan —  
folksy & New Englandish  
and practical as most  
Matters; Frank & Jan  
& Dominique & E & M &  
I (no M. was not  
there) had dinner in  
an Italian restaurant  
in well — actually quite  
good — rather baroque  
and populaire — Earl  
had to leave early &  
go see M. somewhere so  
I was left with  
Dominique & Frank  
and Jan — F & J  
could not speak French  
& Dominique could not



Speak in the language of the  
Spaniards. I was the  
translator - I enjoyed it -  
I couldn't quite resolve  
the "tu" - "vous" thing  
too early - Dominique  
began using it on me &  
I was delighted -  
We had a pleasant dinner -  
I was, of course, absolutely  
indispensable because I  
was the only person who  
could communicate with  
everyone present - that,  
among many other  
things, made me feel  
most important. One  
can measure the degree  
of civilization of an  
individual by noting  
his conduct at the  
dinner table.

Throughout my European  
stay I feel that I come  
off as "most  
civilized." - We  
left the restaurant &  
went to a cabaret  
près de la fontaine près



de la meelle nulle —  
(naturally it would have  
to be in "the old city" for  
Ead to like it) — the  
Cabaner — or whatever it  
was — was empty  
except for us — a few  
ye'-ye' types at the  
bar — the music  
was very "Caribbean"  
Cruise in "Manner"  
A one-man orchestra  
as it were — he was  
particularly "loud" in  
the brass — his voice  
was not memorable —  
At least in a positive  
sense — we had a beer or  
so — I — Dominique & I  
and F & J had wine —  
and then M & M  
Noelle & E & M arrived —  
full it had to be guessed  
to be believed — the  
drinking of beer began —  
on & on — I thought  
I was at an Italian  
pizzeria — perhaps at  
Palin valle — and



all sat like so many "relatives  
and bridesmaid" at a table  
and chatted — Mary &  
Hildy were there also —  
Hildy is about a con-  
versational As a Yak —  
Mrs Naete was out to  
have a good time — It's  
the "we're on vacation & so  
let's have a good time" sym-  
phone — Dominique &  
Ear were like the new  
bride and groom — What  
is outstanding is the fact  
that they were enjoying  
it immensely — Had  
Dominique not been there  
I would have felt as  
about at home as a  
barracade on a L'Amog  
platter — Mr Naete  
seemed to think it  
was funny that he  
assume the role of  
Cabaret Singer —  
Now I ask you — the  
Notre Dame fight song  
sung by a drunk man  
is not as inspiring



phenomenon - Mrs Waite  
was in her dancing  
mood - Mr. Waite did  
remark, my perhaps the  
only positive moment  
while in Switzerland  
that "dancing with  
Mrs Waite is like  
pushing a piano about".  
The hotel is actually  
rather dull - I supposed  
it immensely - the  
evening needed something  
more - Mr Waite  
seemed to spend all of  
his time being pathetic  
and so the Cornish from  
him was not only  
surprising but also  
refreshing. As it was  
the were the only  
group down to Castrol -  
Bill Waite was enjoying  
the murders  
almost as much as the  
Aunt + Uncle and  
Parents were; for  
my part I was  
enjoying talking to



Dominique - he teaches design  
in a school in Lyon - he has  
purchased (or is in the process  
of buying) a medieval  
tower near Lyon - I  
was in lecture speaking  
with him - he is the  
only person I met in  
Geneva with the exception  
of Marbise who struck  
me as being educated -  
sufficiently so to be quite  
concerned in arts - he  
knows music and art &  
abovously architecture -  
I never got around to  
the subject of literature -  
we had a grand chat &  
I decided that I liked  
me very much - I was  
glad to have the chance  
to chat with him -  
and would enjoy  
knowing him better -  
indeed as you - I will  
at Lyon and we  
shall meet again -  
his motorcycle is  
a gem - Come it



dit. Had I not met Dominique  
I would have considered  
my Swiss holiday as  
being most depressing;  
we walked from the  
Cafe to the Institute  
and talked of music  
all the while — I could  
not find the *Mélodie*  
*principale de la Symphonie*  
*de César Franck* —  
None of us could — we  
had some wine — at  
Earl's room — & then  
withdrew — So ended  
the "I'm-getting-  
married-in-the-morning-  
night-dinner-barulor  
party" for Earl & when  
Earl himself  
organized — Now  
tacky but somehow  
it was in the  
character of the week —  
Earl had a well so  
highly structured that  
I felt I didn't have  
a minute to myself —  
That is one of the



Reasons why I was so hostile  
throughout the week —  
The only thing missing  
from the whole week was  
a social director — And  
someone to hand out  
party favors — the  
whole week had a  
junior prom — Well  
and to it — But —

It was not good!

Saturday was not much  
different from the six or  
so days which preceded it  
except for the fact that  
E & M got married —

The party and circumstance  
began in the morning —  
the Civil Ceremony in the  
"Mairie" — we were a  
bit late and the officials  
that were were annoyed —  
Joanne & I held arms  
and said that we  
were the bride & groom —  
Most drab — we  
went into the room  
where the wedding  
was to take place of



Within 60 seconds the  
wedding was completed —  
with all due alacrity —  
as it were — the Sisters  
outdid themselves in  
this respect; the whole  
undertaking was most  
amusing and in my  
mind — forgive the pun —  
Civil — All the rest of the  
that was to follow that  
afternoon is thus avoided;  
I remember at the  
time wishing that  
there would be no  
religious ceremony and  
that the Civil was  
all there would be —  
We went from the  
Mairie to Monique's  
apartment and had a bottle  
of Champagne —  
Even that seemed  
to have a sparkle  
from quality to it —  
Ead gave all of us  
a little letter on  
which he wrote a  
Morceau de l'ecclésiaste



"To everything there is a season..."  
That was the message —  
It seemed a horribly  
transparent sort of thing  
to do — It seemed to  
say immediately — "Put —  
me — in — your scrap —  
book" — And — treasure —  
me — forever." I don't  
like someone telling  
me what I will  
put away and I will  
and what I will not —  
The little Card seemed  
to cry out — "Save me!" —  
The message on the  
Card is magnificent — I  
love it and always have —  
Ecclesiastes is one of my  
favorite books of the  
Bible — Yet the way  
the Morceau de la  
Sainte Bible — like the  
whole week — was  
vividly played by most  
everyone — without  
care and without  
everything that Ed M  
did the whole week



could have been much  
better executed - the  
week like the wedding,  
was in that rather  
"louché" category of things  
known as the "badly  
played" - almost  
but not quite."

I spent the interlude  
between the two weddings  
in my room at the  
Institute - the entire  
afternoon had the enforced  
"you - about - to - participate  
in - something great"  
mood associated with  
it - Given my cynical  
distance from the  
whole affair it is  
not easily forgettable  
now & felt as "the"  
great moment

Arrived - my  
costume - I felt  
like a "bourgeois  
Lydia" -

It was awful - the  
"Blouse du Diable"  
Most certainly well



attain the superlative category  
that as Ed & I had planned  
it however; more on the  
negative - it was so  
frightfully teeny - bopperish.  
And when George  
in appearance that I  
was almost  
embarrassed - I have long  
ago learned to not be  
embarrassed by such  
public display of  
stupidity. But I  
almost got embarrassed  
it was so bad - the  
pants which Earl  
purchased for me were  
cut "stylishly"  
low - something like  
what one wore 10  
years ago in Spanish  
Harlem - or perhaps  
today on W. 157th St and  
Broadway - heavily  
Latin and Caribbean -  
Anyway - the  
outfit which was  
supposed to be so  
great turned out to



be a shattering disappointment.  
Suzanne & Edna & Roger  
to have been there I  
might have regretted  
in a rather scathing  
manner — How strange —  
all of this fussing —  
my reaction to the  
week in June —  
Can never be read  
publicly — it would  
probably mean the  
severance of my  
friendship with Earl —  
How do you tell a  
good friend that his  
wedding was a  
frightful mess of a  
fiasco — particularly  
when he found it  
to be a smashing  
success? It  
simply can't be done —  
We arrived at the  
church at the  
appointed hour  
and waited for  
the great event to  
take place —



we assumed our place at  
the point of the Church and  
the spectacle commenced.  
All in French naturally —  
Saw a marriage de  
l'Église in English &  
French — the same  
text that Earl used  
on his "save-me"  
card after the Civil  
Ceremony. One of the  
officiating priests was  
droll & he  
remarked at one point —  
"La Chaine de mariage  
en si bonde qu'il  
faut deux personnes  
pour la porter" —  
Very amusing — he  
enjoyed it himself —  
not as much as I  
however — When the  
wedding was over  
we went outside and  
accepted the greetings  
of our friends —  
He showed us that  
it was accepted the  
congratulations of one



all. I took pictures - Most  
of which didn't turn out;  
E & M were in the shade  
too much - Not surprisingly  
and most amusingly -  
Not a single picture that  
I took of Thorneque  
turned out well -

do plus - She is not  
very photogenic so  
the jokes that I did  
take of her in groups  
and such are  
less than flattering;  
Hilding had the  
attitude of - "Take -  
a picture of me -  
before I die" -

He looked like an  
Egyptian mummy  
right all of the  
slides I took of him -  
Actually as such  
his character is most  
aptly described.  
No reception was  
in the Salle de  
Bains of the  
Chateau de Coppet -



rather malapportioned, as it  
was — when I arrived  
it was a vast banquet hall  
— I chatted and  
was most welcome with  
many people — I  
had a long chat with  
Marlene about the  
theory of teaching which  
she preferred —  
Also talked with the  
bombastic priest at the  
reception. Also had  
married Ed & M at the  
Church — had a lovely  
conversation with  
a Canadian girl doing  
year 10 science plus a  
mom — a chat with  
Domyne was much  
too brief — the whole  
reception would have  
been much better if  
there were no tables  
and chairs there —  
what happened was  
that everyone immediately  
plopped down and  
began with the



banalities; Most people  
are incapable of being  
witting and chatting  
well unless they are  
standing — There are  
a few people — I am  
one of them — who  
is a very good  
Conversationalist  
sitting down — Usually  
when people sit down  
they descend into the  
banalities — It's not  
for nothing that Oscar  
Wilde remarked that  
dinner is not a feast  
but a ceremony —  
Indeed — the few art  
of conversation seem  
to have practically  
disappeared from the  
planet — Kate &  
Julia have the  
ability to converse  
as educated human  
beings — They are  
rare. I found it too  
the wedding reception  
went on too long —



It's another instance of the  
"almost but not quite"  
aura of the week — the  
reception would have been  
better if it had ended  
2 hours after it began —  
it would have been  
good; particularly since  
mostly the people present  
were incapable of  
doing anything intelligently  
for two hours — let  
alone converse —  
I went with Brigitte &  
Frank & Jan back to  
the Hotel Intercontinental  
we ordered wine and  
talked at length about  
some me some more grief —  
I recall wishing all  
the while that I  
could be with Dominique  
far and away, he was  
the most interesting  
person I met in Geneva  
for the entire week —  
He is the only person  
I met who, I think,  
understands me and



people like myself — it  
is the mentality of the  
observer — no place is  
outside of it all &  
can watch from the  
sidelines — it is that  
a perverted stance —  
which I don't think  
it is — it is an  
intellectual stance  
one that allows  
one to learn about  
himself — Most of  
the vulgar things  
never quite come to  
the realization that  
they are unhappy —  
essentially — I  
suspect that all the  
creators of the arts  
in the West — for  
that matter the East —  
have come from  
having acknowledged  
that fact — was  
the suffering — poet  
thing — but the  
distance of the  
detached observer —



he who is capable of overlooking  
it's the historical stand  
I suppose - It's the  
acknowledgment of the  
fact that Le Nya Ren  
de Mounean soude  
Saleil - Ce qui a été  
ca (Cela) sera toujours  
it's like the Sisyphus  
thing - to acknowledge  
that you roll the  
stone up the mountain  
to triumph over  
the fact - to  
realize what you are  
doing is to triumph  
over it - even though  
it be a circus. That's  
what I can call  
mystery - the "Sisyphus  
of the drawing-room."  
I'm sure Don would  
enjoy that thought -  
Perhaps I will share  
it with him - God -  
Such a terrific roll  
I had with D & Sam  
London - Ganz Cella -  
My 2 weeks in Europe on



April of 1973 would have  
been a disaster. It  
seems that I have not  
dealt with the Sunday  
after the wedding — I  
slept late and got  
myself all together for  
London — E + M arrived  
about 2 and we  
went to a restaurant  
Ries du Lac where I  
had been with Earl  
and Jean-Claude  
about two years ago —  
frites de perche — frites  
and much white  
wine — very pleasant;  
Several of Monique's  
old friends were  
there — they were  
having lunch — we  
joined them and  
as it turns out  
they bought our  
lunch — the lunch  
was very amusing  
Earl bantered  
on at some length  
about the nose of



one of the girls there; it was  
most amusing. Earl has  
a great ability to do the  
drawing room barter —  
not all the time but  
at moments he is a  
real pro at it all; the  
lunch was very pleasant  
and we left in a  
good mood — the  
drive to the airport was  
punctuated by a stop at  
the Hotel Intercontinental  
for Frank & Jan — we  
had the farewell  
drink at the airport —  
same place as 2 years  
ago — Ed & M — & their  
cousin Jimmy & Frank  
and John — the whole  
farewell thing  
dragged on to long —  
Frank & Jay left  
about an hour before  
me — I wish I had  
left before them —  
the hour that  
elapsed after their departure



was awkward; we said  
our farewells — calmly  
and most un-emotionally  
It might have been  
different had I enjoyed  
my week in Geneva —  
the plane ride from  
Geneva to London was  
terrific — it was a  
Concorde 770 — One of  
the best flights I have  
ever had; incredibly  
smooth even though I  
threw up a few bad clouds —  
I loved it — my  
major aircraft to take  
me to London — the  
food was grand as well —  
cured mushrooms  
in artichoke hearts  
Charcuterie: peppers &  
hard eggs; I loved it  
I seem to have covered  
the distance quickly —  
My notes on my  
arrival in London &  
my stay there are  
latter stated in  
these pages. I am



beginning to feel that I am  
back on schedule now that  
I have recorded my  
European impressions —  
Actually H. has been on  
my mind since I  
left Geneva — Now I  
have to deal with the  
fact that I have not  
recorded my impressions  
from the time I returned  
from Europe on the  
23 of April until this  
moment — May 18 —  
On the train from NYC  
to DC — I think I  
shall adopt a new  
method of noting my  
daily reactions &  
perhaps not a daily  
register of what I  
have done — but  
more purely "a  
journal" of reactions  
of what I have done.  
And thought that  
well all be later on —  
perhaps my return  
to NYC will be the  
moment.



May 18-73

damp train enter NYC & JC —  
a long trip — exhausting —  
how strange — I just  
finished my reflections on  
the fine art of conversation  
and what happens —  
the black people on both  
sides of me take up a  
most extraordinary  
conversation —

"I would like to  
converse with you —  
you know what I  
mean"

"Man I'm migrating  
from the Big Apple —  
fast" Tie NYC

The whole conversation —  
hours of it — took place  
over me — i.e.

Black  
man

Black man

aisle in train



they concluded that people  
don't talk to each other any  
more — also — life in NYC  
is impossible — "a rat  
race" — they are also  
concerned about personal  
safety — opposed to excessive  
drinking — actually it's  
the "we're human  
beings" trip — people  
deserve better than  
NYC — the black  
girl is a high school  
math teacher —

She tends to be — as  
her traveling companion  
(a friend) remarked  
to the fellow sitting  
by me — "loud".

Everyone in the train  
(most everyone got off in  
Baltimore) seems at  
the moment, to be  
listening to the con-  
versation I'm recording.  
The Black girl of whom  
I spoke seems to have  
the following  
information —



"The conductor of the here  
train is 85 years old  
and that's why we're  
stuck in along & late  
this. When we arrive  
I'm going to (gotta)  
run up there and  
keep him on the head."

I don't really know whether  
I fell in the Ship of Fools  
mood or if it's just  
something different —  
I feel a bit like  
taping recording conver-  
sations and the mirror —  
I wonder if a Germinal  
will come by all this.

Three people are near  
me in the smoking  
lounge —

1-3 - the black of  
whom I have spoken  
4 - an Army man —  
slightly heavy —  
readily playing  
magazine — a



KONSTANTIN ALEXANDROVICH RODKO

\* \* \* \* \*

KATE DENISON RODKO

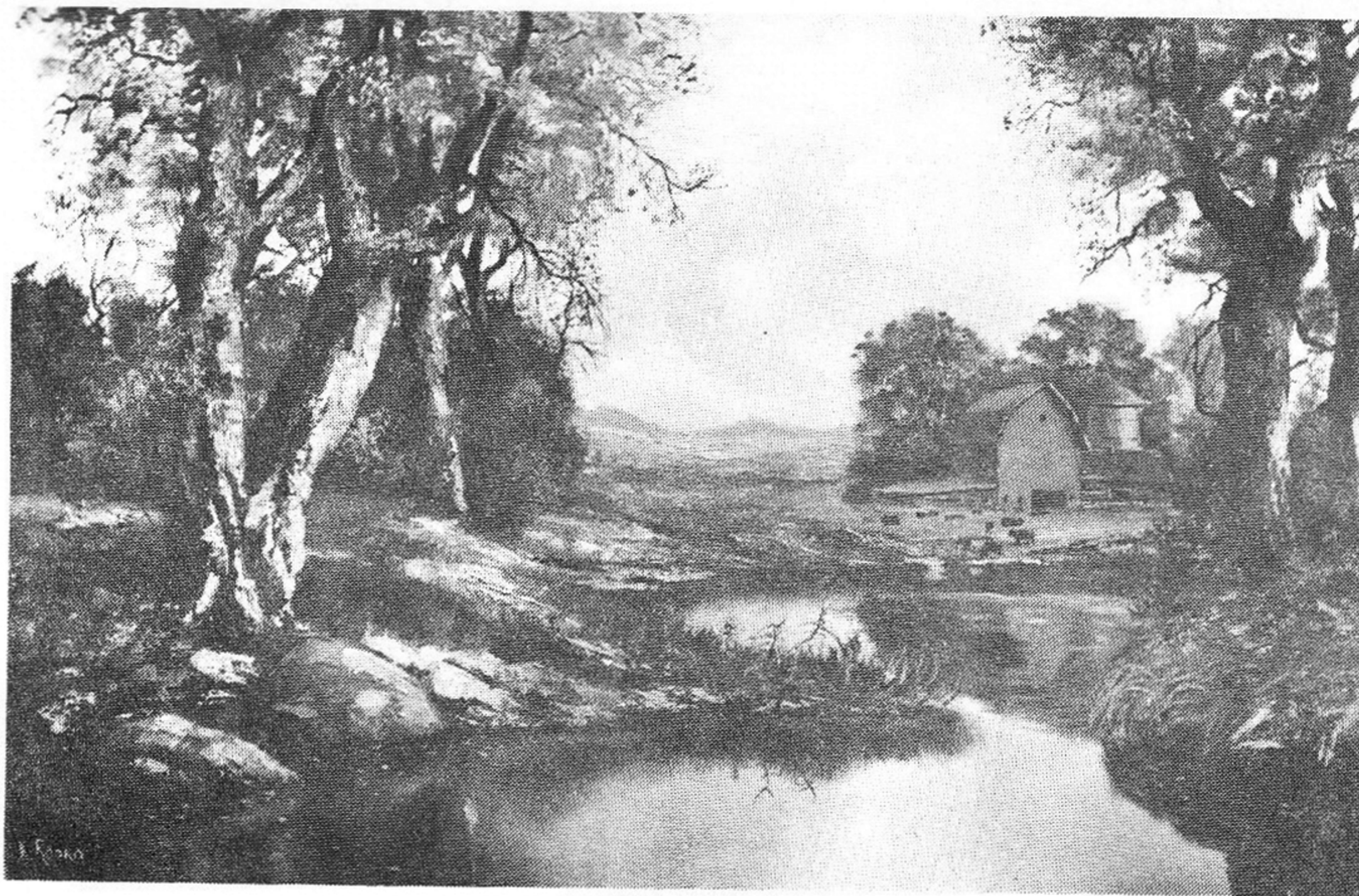
KONSTANTIN & KATE DENISON RODKO

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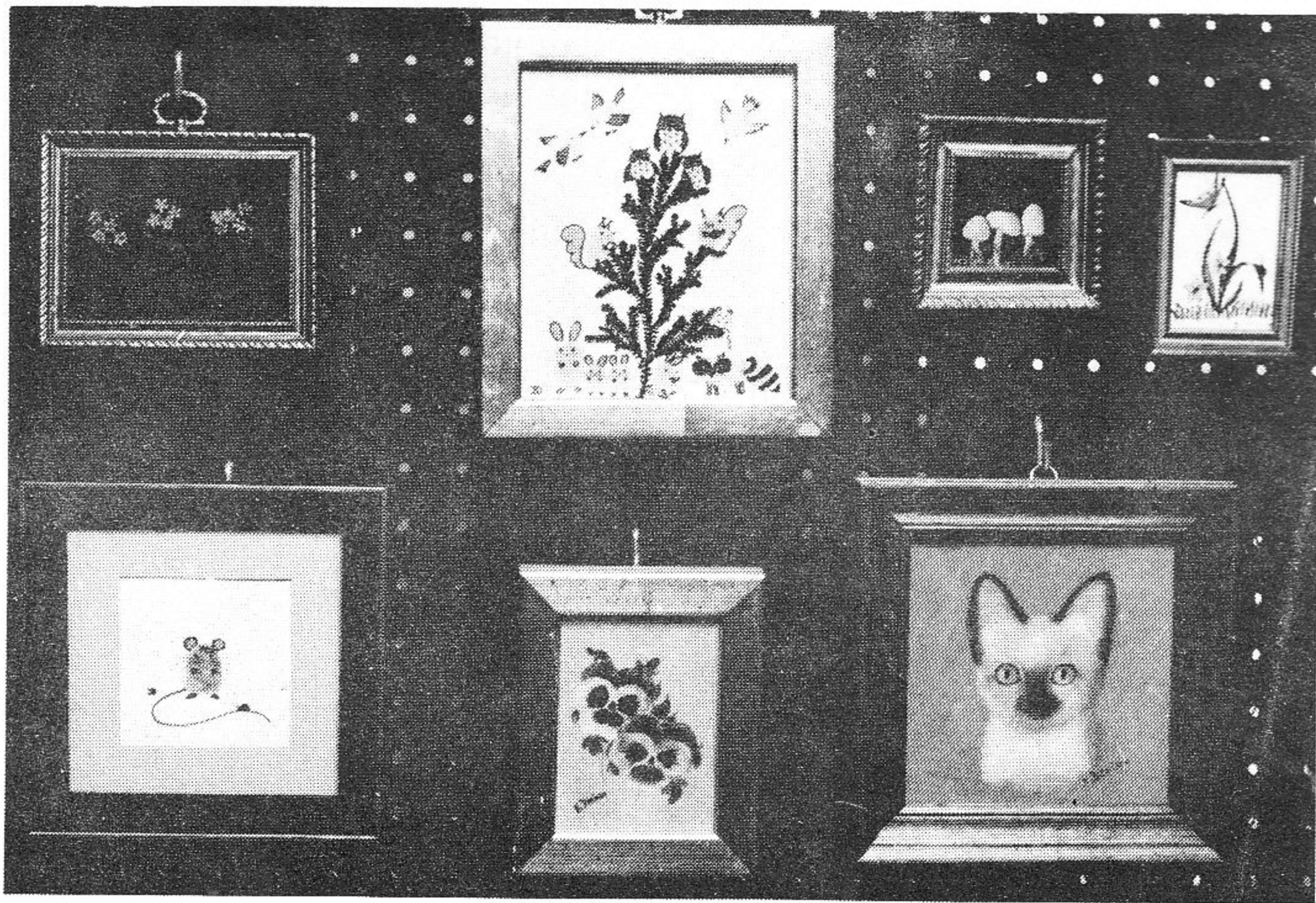


## Konstantin Alexandrovich Rodko.

Konstantin Alexandrovich Rodko was born in Valk, Russia, just before the beginning of the first World War. As a child he showed unusual talent for drawing and painting, at home and at school, and later finished first in his class at the Academy of Art in Riga, Latvia, where his family had moved to escape the Russian Revolution and its aftermath. After the Academy, he went on with his pursuit of the study of art, by attending successive courses in the ateliers of three of Russia's most famous masters of the academic school of painting.

Mr. Rodko has been painting for a living successfully since his arrival in the United States twenty years ago, and is best known for his realistic oil landscapes and still-lives. He is equally at home in all media: oil, acrylic, water color, pastel, and pen and ink. Although his paintings are handled by some of New York's finest art dealers, he always exhibits his work in the Washington Square Outdoor Art Show, Spring and Fall, not only because he is extremely successful in his location on Ninth Street just West of Fifth Avenue, but also because he enjoys selling directly to the people who visit the Show and thus, in his own words, "puts a finger on the pulse of their taste in art and their pleasure in selecting pictures they want to live with."





## Kate Denison Rodko

And showing her work along with his, is his wife, Kate Denison Rodko, who was born in the Village just a day after her husband. She is a self-taught artist, but acknowledges a great debt to her parents who taught her to observe detail and color in nature and encouraged her early efforts to draw, and now to her husband who has shown infinite understanding and patience in helping her to develop her own style. She says, quite honestly, that she can only do "little things" -- these include Victorian botanical miniatures, tiny water color drawings, whimsical finger-print animals, and soft pastels of kittens and cats.

The Rodkos have their studio in their home in upper Manhattan. Their apartment is old-fashioned and cozy; full of books and music and pictures, of course. They are the proud owners of four cats: Misha, Masha, Pasha and Dimka.

Appointments to buy paintings may be arranged by telephone-- the number is (212) 781-9422. Please call between 8 and 10 P.M., only.



1. Return from Europe - moving  
apart - K+K help + Julia
2. Brooklyn College - answering  
month - Catherine & La fin.  
\$ seems to be coming my way  
Yeshiva is nauseating.  
Jealousy about Jack + Jenny's  
apartment -
3. May 22 - 1973 - Final Exam  
at BC - Lunch - RLP on the  
24th - listaten; weate play  
outline.
4. The Village Show - Kate + Kostya  
and I "do" 9th Street - enter  
56th Ave - My thoughts  
on an apt. of my own.



1.) May 26, 1973 - 528 W III, #24 - 12:30 AM.

upon returning from Europe in late April I was most anxious I wanted to move and plans had not jelled - Jack & Jenny still had no word on the place on W. III; I felt horribly behind schedule - my job at Brooklyn for next year was not definite - I wanted to move, and of course my private life and dissertation were off schedule - Very anxious finally on the Thursday before May 15 we moved - I taught at BC and then went to W 157th + met Kostya at the garage - we drove down to W 103 + it all began - Shopping bag after Augusting Shopping bag - Kostya drove all day long - he was our chauffeur - Jack and I schlepped up & down the stairs at 103 and into the car - then unloading on W III -



not very much fun - I  
got impatient with Joel's  
lack of efficiency & zeal -  
around 5 we were  
joined by Bill Fairhood  
and then at 6 by  
Julia & Kate & Chris -  
around 9 PM we were  
reasonably well installed -  
Kate & Kostya were most  
generous in letting us  
borrow the station wagon -  
we saved much money  
that way - when  
we were in Julia  
presented us with a  
bottle of Piper Heidsieck -  
lovely - Julia &  
Bill & Chris & Jenny & Joel  
and I had dinner  
at Moon Palace on  
B'way. I was delighted  
to be moved at last -  
Now if only I find out  
some positive information  
about a job for next  
year at B.C. -  
that would be  
lovely



Just in another vein —  
I seem to have money  
at the moment —  
My three part-time  
jobs seem to be paying  
off — I have \$600  
in the bank — A  
remarkable accomplishment  
for me — Hopefully I  
will have about \$1000  
by the end of the summer —  
That will be not only  
nice but also probably  
necessary for when I  
will have my own  
apartment — I am  
looking forward  
to that moment with



great anticipation — I  
have been most jealous  
of Joel & Jimmy's new  
place — I'd love to have  
it for myself — Wow —  
what that would do for  
my head — I would  
love to go through the  
"let's decorate this place"  
trip — all that will  
come in due time —  
I'll really make my  
decision in about 2  
weeks when I know  
if I will have a job  
at B.C. for the Fall.  
and how much money I  
will have to deal with —  
the summer should be  
cheap — \$60/month rent —  
my \$200 checks from  
Yeshiva will continue  
all summer and I  
will get one more  
check for \$270 from B.C.  
my freelance thing  
at the American  
Management Association  
will continue all  
summer probably.



May 26-73 - Kate Horstya &  
I go to the Washington Square  
Outdoor Art Exhibit - i.e. -  
the "Village Show" as K & K  
refer to it - 3 weekends in  
the Spring and 3 in the  
Fall - I arrived at 9 AM -  
we parked - quite quickly  
and we set up on 9th  
Street by the 5th Avenue  
Hotel. Between 5th & 6th Ave  
by 11 AM - the usual  
chaos - Kate slowly  
unparks and very  
slowly arranges her  
merchandise and thumb  
prints on her screens -  
the books never fit &  
the pictures always have  
to be re-arranged -  
I get annoyed but  
love it all at the same  
time - they are truly  
magnificent people -  
we did quite a trilogy -  
Kate & Horstya bought  
me lunch at a  
delicatessen on 8th Street -  
it was cold & seemed



like it was going to rain  
all day — Kostya sold  
two oil paintings and Kate  
sold 4 small ones — they  
felt good because they  
have had some bad out-of-  
town shows — it — Nyack  
about 2 weeks ago — it  
rained in the middle  
of the show — Julia &  
Kate & Kostya & I got  
soaked — they didn't  
sell a single painting &  
were very upset by it  
all — Undoubtedly;  
we had a very pleasant  
day today — Around  
6 we packed up and  
went Chy for Pot-luck  
dinner — we had a  
grand evening —  
Russian folk songs —  
pot roast — Chunky  
Chicken soup & ice cream —  
the evening ended at  
midnight — we talked  
a bit of dreams —  
Kate has a magnificent  
recurring dream — she



had it as a child —  
She was walking in a  
grand Chateau looking  
for the music she  
heard — She looked  
down corridors hoping  
to find the source of  
the music — [actually  
the source of the music  
is within her — I must  
tell her that sometime]  
Her dream is a great  
metaphor for life — for  
her life — She has  
spent her life looking  
for that music and  
in the process has  
given that music to  
other people — I  
gave her a mother's  
day card and she  
cried — I was as  
touched as she was —  
She is truly a grande  
dame — there will  
never be another like  
her anywhere — She  
is partly a real music  
incarnate.



Actually, I'm feeling quite  
good at the moment —  
I like the idea of not  
keeping a daily log-book  
but rather writing when  
I feel like it — I'm  
much more free like  
that — quite frankly  
I have been feeling  
constrained by the  
'daily word' for some  
time now. Perhaps  
tomorrow will be a  
good writing day for  
my Flaubert chapter —  
It seems that I should  
be able to get much of  
that chapter finished in  
one good day of writing —  
Hopefully that I will be  
may feel tomorrow —  
If I devote eight hours  
or so to Flaubert  
tomorrow I should be  
able to begin typing  
the chapter in about a  
week or so & have the  
chapter to John by about  
the third week in June.



① 7-20-74

The National Limited (formerly  
the Sprint, St Louis, so Mr.  
Frank reformer me) left Penn  
Station at 145 on the 15th of  
July 1974; 8 AM on the next  
day I descended in the  
very beautiful "gare" at  
Châteaunapoli - la gare est  
very noble - palatial -  
rose type window - no  
colored glass. The train ride  
was so-so - the car I was  
in was too highly air  
conditioned - I was  
improperly dressed for  
the ride - Thank God I  
wore my coats - I read -  
read my thesis for 12 hours -  
the coach attendant - a  
pudgy black - found  
innumerable ways to dis-  
criminate against me -  
we passed "the island"



improperly dressed for  
the ride - Thank God I  
wore my boots - I read -  
read my thesis for 12 hours  
the coach attendant - a  
pudgy black - found  
innumerable ways to dis-  
criminate against me -  
We passed a "mail" advertisement -  
Hartman has been having  
a bad time of it lately with  
his trains going off the  
tracks - I should always  
wonder about buses  
tipping over; I found  
over 20 typos in the  
Mognum I. The Hudson  
Takes Landscape is



Wild and beautiful;  
somewhat people in the town  
and in the landscape;  
The Bloomington bus was 2 hrs  
late & so was my train - I  
Arrived in Bloomington at  
9 PM - Ballantine Hall 642 -  
Mrs Hedrick away as a  
credit union meeting; Dick  
can do a check for me at  
first - He's father & I'm  
thinner than when we  
last saw each other. Mrs  
bus (Lounsbury & Cenneth)  
is not as cold as the train -  
Mr. Young was grand -  
sordid & mellow - I like him  
a lot; he's reached the point  
when he is watching with  
much amusement all  
the old academic games  
being played over (and  
perhaps badly) by the



bus (Lounsbury & Cunniff)  
is not as cold as the train —

Mr. Young was grand —  
sodas & melba — I like him  
a lot; he's reached the point  
when he is watching with  
benign amusement all  
the old academic games  
being played over (and  
perhaps badly) by the  
younger members of the  
club. Mrs. Hedrick is  
also detached from the  
petitioning, in all; I found  
seeing Janita again —  
we gossiped at some  
length. Everything was  
different yet it was all  
the same — plus a change etc. etc.



② 7-20-74

I now can validly claim the title of "Mr". how odd it all seems; I took a room at the Biddle Continuation Center — Made a meal — I slept — I bathed — I called Mr. Horton around 9 on the house phone; Chat, Chat, Chat; I was nervous at first; He informed me that Mr. Mikel wouldn't be able to attend the oral because he had broken his leg — It was all I could do to not laugh out loud — that wild Gospel singing food had gotten the reward for having been so self righteous about my 1st & 8th Caskets — I was so delighted that he would be at my oral — Mr. Borne is a dear — a



had given his reward for  
having been so self righteous  
about my 1st 18th Century  
I was so delighted that  
he was at my oral —  
Mr Borne is a dear — a  
laddy dear — I don't think  
he had more than Chapt 1 —  
we found some typos —  
Mr Houston didn't recognize  
me mutually I don't think —  
When we met at the water  
fountain on the 6th floor  
he was in a hurry to call  
me later he said —  
before my oral I read the  
Bibliography 7 really for  
Nylus — that was to



Clear my head, I wonder  
what the brown package of  
249 W 76 is; I hope don  
didn't peak; it may be  
incriminating; Mrs Gerard  
was shrewd & gracious  
and charming & largely  
silent; Mr Houston was  
more relaxed than I had  
ever seen him - the  
expense was actually a "Chat"  
Mr Borne brought pictures;

- 1) Popelso watching the fall  
Troy
- 2) a last supper - Trintoretti.
- 3) Groder's death of Atala
- 4) Regas absent the drinkers
- 5) Gargis - Jacob & the  
archangel



- 1) Popelso watching the fall
- 2) <sup>Troy</sup> a last supper - Trutoretto.
- 3) Groder's death / Atala
- 4) Regas absent the drinkers
- 5) Gargis - Jinar & the  
archangel
- 6) another Tahitian landscape  
by Gargis.

We had a salon chat on the day -  
this was the most marvelous  
ice-breaker for the oral -  
we were like children crawling  
around on the floor  
looking at new toys -



③ 7-20-74

"Shall we get to the singing" asked  
John; how delightful &  
Mrs Y & John were so warm  
& cordial & interested in my  
future plans; John's book  
apparently deals with  
some of the things I  
deal with in my  
thesis. — Muriel  
letter; Ellen was upstairs  
when I went up to look;  
we exchanged a cordial  
peek. "Good bye for now"  
to Mrs Hedrick. The  
'Graduate School' — I've  
wanted to work with Lee  
Boster's office for several  
years now — She was  
great — I am on the  
"August list" — What  
a beautiful list to be on —



Wanted to walk out to  
Boston's office for several  
years now - She was  
great - I am on her  
"August list" - What  
a beautiful list to be on -  
Ellen came up to the  
buidery near the bus  
station - 2 copies are  
being bound - one for  
Pr Dept & Me for  
DeLoach; Ellen & I  
had a pitcher, beer &  
a cheeseburger at the  
Puttins was still there -  
She hasn't smiled in  
years, I'm sure



The place was filled with  
happy people. I called  
Don & Carbondale —

"Announce Sir Walter to the  
Court." Mother was  
delighted — Really so —  
She told some golfers  
who were there all about it;  
She wanted to Carbondale

paper to know all about  
it; how dear — I guess  
it'll become a special article.  
It's in the paper. I don't  
know now what the  
Carbondale paper is called —  
there's always the Granton  
Tribune; Ellen & I

drove to Louisville —  
largely drunk — the trees  
& flowers & grass smelled  
green & fresh & alive; I  
was tired; Ellen's plane  
is a dump — Cat & I



She wanted to Carbondale  
paper to know all about  
it; how dear - I guess  
it becomes official when  
it's in the paper. I don't  
even know what the  
Carbondale paper is called -  
there's always the Southern  
Tribune; Ellen & I  
drove to Louisville -  
largely drunk - the trees  
& flowers & grass smelled  
green & fresh & alive; I  
was tired; Ellen's place  
is a dump - cat spit &  
urine on the floor &  
furniture; dirty  
sink in bathroom, blocked  
up; bathroom door  
stuck in - a pig - Ellen  
explained. Very hot &  
humid; the whole apt.  
smelled like cat piss;  
spilled food in the refrigerator;



(4)  
No toilet paper; grubby glasses;  
My ice cubes. Elderly hostess;  
Izell interpretation of the  
four symptoms of Bradbury —  
How delicious — I intend  
to #1 — immediately —  
Skip was hepatic — his  
eyes are yellow; the  
cats (3) were all  
young — Ellen's female  
is in heat — a nursing  
Tom served the cat all  
night long; the female's  
don't yowled I forgot the  
new male. I slept on  
the floor near a fan —  
Ellen in her water bed —  
cat perched on the couch —  
arbitrary — the whole apt  
reeks with cat piss;  
cats & plants; Ellen is  
going to pee; wallowing  
in mud: No toilet



Ellen under water bed —  
cat pass the couch —  
ashful — the whole apt  
reefs with cat paws;  
rats & plants; Ellen is  
going to pieces; wallowing  
in mud; No what  
house seems to cry out —  
"Herein live the bitter,  
the down and out — the  
beaten, the defeated —"  
To avoid the issue at  
hand they screw each  
other's eyes out I hope  
all the best will go  
away — well it?



I tore up 2 rough drafts  
my bank before going to bed —  
I felt good — all I leave  
left is the copy the original —  
Ellen found four mis-  
types in my thesis  
— one in the abstract  
— on the 4th page  
quite before I finished  
— mention Zola quote from  
Death in Venice —

I must call Mrs. Baxter on  
Mon morning & have her  
change them; We all  
very much to me to have  
them corrected;  
I felt much more positive  
about my today than  
yesterday — Ellen came



I must call Mrs Baxter on  
Mon morning & have her  
change them; We all  
very much to me to have  
them corrected;

I feel much more positive  
about skip today than  
yesterday. Ellen Anne  
me to Greyhound —

How strange — my first  
trip to Bloomsbury was on  
a bus — that was when  
I began my first  
work on my last trip  
only Bloomsbury having  
the first of the balloons  
has — the only difference



⑤ 7-20-74

As time I am learning from  
Journelle now - I named  
after Louis 16th - there is a  
statue of him in downtown  
Journelle; there is a  
strange allegorical statue  
in Ludanapole also  
and headed for NYC -  
before I left from DC I  
went to Bloomington  
plus a Changofts.

Russ gave my (via Mrs. Feduk)  
BD's Mother Godson as a  
present for turning passed  
the exam - "There's  
a dear" - How  
much that means to me -



the farm — "There's  
a dear" — How  
much that means to me —  
he & Mrs Hedrick & I are  
three of BD's most  
devoted fans — I must  
send Judy a copy of  
the future of Cook of BD;

Mrs Hedrick has a  
telegram & sent her a  
few years ago framed  
& hanging over her  
desk in Bullantone Co 42 —



"Just your job and you're  
woundedly on this desert  
island a shall die of great  
loneliness & despair. W. J. P.  
Secretary '2 week - Bob Postell"

I think everyone in the  
dept. likes the for having  
sent in that telegram -  
they all wish that the  
idea occurred to them first;

"Now matter how dull the  
party the put me ... " I  
don't go the Davis line.  
Cincinnati is 10 miles  
away; "Cincinnati at  
his plow" in the scene  
the Comm. Agents in MB

7-20-74  
SHP.



①

07-14-78

No ending is very tranquil --  
very private - like the beginning --  
No; there were major events in  
life that can not be shared  
with anyone - - like life &  
death; the CSO tape of  
Ein deutscher Negressen 985  
(Sally; Kiri Te Kanawa, soprano,  
Bernd Weill, baritone -  
tape made on 06-25-78) --  
I don't feel exhausted -  
excited - - depressed -  
I feel calm tranquil --  
very much at peace  
with myself - <sup>Labors at</sup> <sup>work</sup> <sup>from</sup>  
"Pyre"

No present work in a Synchronizer  
history of Western civilization,  
a portrait of the artist, a  
portrait of the artist, created  
by S. Robert Rued in the  
period Jan 15, 1975 -  
July 15, 1975. " Pyre 849476



②

PH 2

[My initial response set down  
Sept 1-1975 - Aug 31-1976  
486/17,611 lines - January  
Smith - 4:35 PM]

PH-3 - Sept 1-1976 - -

July 14-1978 - -

443 pp / 21,264 lines  
[48ll/p - 53 pica / line]

No second circle so far  
and the feeling is now  
thrilling - - January 15th  
1975 - July 14-1978 - -  
three and a half years  
channeled into a book -  
into a response - - and  
the feeling is very  
calm and tranquil - -  
no, these moments in  
life that are here -



Sharable -- in the remaining  
 six weeks between today  
 and Sept 1-1978 I will  
 reveal what I have done  
 and shape it into a  
 work on comparative  
 aesthetics -- read --  
 re-structure -- correct types  
 & sub -- write preface --  
 index perhaps --  
 and prepare a copy or two  
 of types that will be  
 bound (send to binding)  
 by Sept 1 -- if I -- all  
 changes & revisions will  
 be made by Sept 1-1978  
 and then I will begin  
 to move the volume  
 and prepare it for  
 publication -- even  
 though what you  
 have here is a completed



work - - a whole - that  
does not need me any  
longer - It speaks for  
itself and is its own  
master - - perhaps  
in a year or so will come  
and publish and edit  
and then make the  
push to get this work  
into wider circulation.

I have just finished  
the work on accretion  
and I sit here triumphantly  
as the Boston Program  
plays and enjoy the  
tranquility and the  
peaceful mood of the  
whole experience

-- facing South of course



(5)

For the first time in a long  
time I took an Parade  
1st Avenue today and the  
feeling of triumph became  
very real - there are  
the stimuli - a walk  
completed and it is a  
stimulus for a second walk  
and as we go - -  
I have the smell of P/H  
not necessarily burning  
but when I taste the  
smell - after I do have  
the smell of paper -  
and I do have the smell  
of P/H - for obvious reasons.

July 14 - 1978  
Jimmy Smith - 11:30 AM  
Ein Deutliche Requiem  
C50 & Snelti



John English

Theodore Manosautis

— George Washington University

— New York City

— Nimes & the south of  
France



- from St. Cloud, MN  
John English and Theodore  
Manosakis were two of my  
students at George Washington  
University.

We three became pals.

I visited them in the  
south of France during my  
first trip to Europe.

John provided me with a  
place to stay in Nîmes.

We visited the Pont du Gard  
regularly.

John & Teddy were great guys.  
High spirit of adventure.



DIAMOND CAB

DU. 7-6200

TO

APT.

505

WHILE YOU WERE OUT

M

OF

PHONE NO.

DATE

5/24

TIME

11:05 P.M.

TELEPHONED

☒

CALLED TO SEE YOU

☐

WANTS TO SEE YOU

☐

PLEASE CALL

☐

WILL CALL AGAIN

☐

RUSH

☐

PACKAGE DELIVERED TO PACKAGE ROOM

☐

PACKAGE DELIVERED TO SWITCHBOARD

☐

MESSAGE OR REMARKS

John English

PERSON RECEIVING  
CALL OR PACKAGE

D.



THE CHANNEL HOUSE

↑ where I lived

824 New Hampshire Ave.  
Wash., D.C.

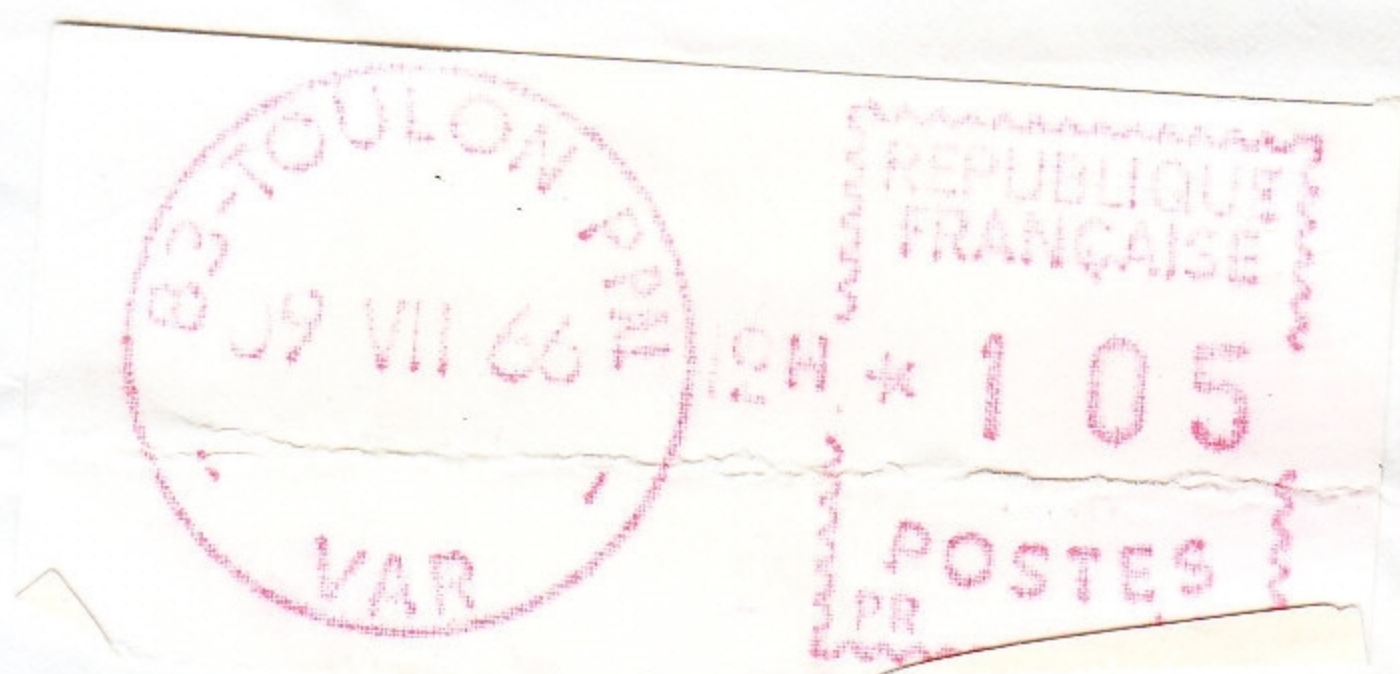


7/9/66

my address after the 20th of July.  
c/o Monsieur Roumieu  
Bouchevie  
12 Rue de l'Agueduc  
30 Nîmes



(3)



Mr. Robert Powell  
Department of Romance Languages  
George Washington University  
Washington D. C.  
U.S.A.





Dear Bob.

The first thing that I want to tell you, is Don't forget your billfold when you come to this god-damned place. It seems that 1 franc is a convenient price for everything and prices are sky high. 1 cake 25 cent. gum 25¢ MARLBOROUGH \$1.00 per pack. It costs

1 cent to urinate and 3¢ to take a crap around here.

We spent a week in Monte Carlo, when I met the Greek he looked like he had just come out of the desert and he had \$2.00 to his name.

I have never seen a place as fantastic as Monte Carlo, we missed a chance to meet princess Grace because we couldn't afford \$100<sup>00</sup> per ticket for this dinner, the.



-2-

brood that I went to see in N.Y.C.  
got in and we had to be satisfied  
with 540 winners free. She is  
on a tour from June 17-  
July 14 cost \$4000 00

The Greek and I took every  
advantage and one night  
I ordered a bottle of 850  
Chompaigne I caught the  
mistake and got one for  
ten dollars instead.

You can reach us at

22 Rue ANTOINE BONNET  
Toulon, France

you had better address the  
letter to Teddy because I  
am not supposed to be there.  
He started working Tuesday  
and I start on the 20th  
in Nimes, so until then I  
plan to hit the beach every day



The Truck lines next to a  
 RR track and about every  
 5 minutes a god damned train  
 goes by and shakes the whole  
 place and you can't hear a  
 damned thing. I got a room  
 in Nîmes starting the 20  
 of July 150 francs a month  
 and it is over a butcher shop.  
 but the butcher has a beautiful  
 wife I forgot the address  
 but will send it before  
 you leave.

To give you an idea of train  
 fares \$4. from Toulon -  
 Nîmes \$23 - from Luxembourg  
 to Monaco via Marseille. I  
 think it is about \$15 - from  
 Paris to Nîmes. you will  
 be able to live with us quite  
 easily when you get here, my  
 landlady is very nice and  
 it's a real douche the



Greek hasn't taken a shower since he got here. and has only cold water in his room but he wants to move at the end of the month. Bring your money in travelers checks you get 20% more if you cash them in a department store here greek cashed \$60 checks and got \$72 this will not happen in a bank however.

I never got to Paris, because I have the weather down here and couldn't afford all the expense I will write once more before you leave with my address and you write if you want to know anything particular otherwise we will expect you anytime after the 22. Teddy got a scooter so you can use it to travel around here.

John



Letter from Mom sent to me at John's place in Nimes

Aug. 18, 1966

Dear Bob -

We haven't heard from you for over a week so I am taking a chance on this address again. Russ got your Card and you had received one letter from home, by this time you should have the second one.

There isn't much news around here excepting fatal accidents on the highways. I'll tell you a few of the worst one.

Last Wednesday a 17 y old Jermyn boy bound and set fire to his 7 y old sister, she died the next morning. Thursday afternoon we had a tornado - our proxy upon the golf course blew over into Bill's field - Thursday about 5 pm - a Molinaro <sup>boy</sup> <sup>from C'dale</sup> and a Tolence boy 17 y old <sup>boy</sup> <sup>from C'dale</sup> had an accident on the road out of C'dale toward Homestead - the Tolence boy was killed Saturday about 4:30 pm. down by the Italian Cemetery two <sup>boys</sup> <sup>from C'dale</sup> C'dale boys - John Evans and John Connor had a head-on collision with a truck hauling flagstone - the Evans boy was killed he was completely mangled. ~~John Connor~~ <sup>John Connor</sup> is Sara Connors son she used to be in my pinocle club - about 11:30 Sat nite a 2 car crash at Chapman Lake Corners and a trooper was left for dead and was finally discovered to be alive - oh me I hope there are no more.

Scranton had a "flash flood" on Tuesday afternoon - we didn't get it.

The Press-Radio & TV had a tournament here yesterday, there were 13 of them.

This is a beautiful day today. The grass on the course is a beautiful green now after the rains we have been having.

We had a letter from Bob - he still is living a confused life.



her to talk to you but I have really improved  
 in the past 1 1/2 weeks. I plan to leave  
 here Sunday after the bull fight and from  
 there don't know exactly what I will do  
 yet. You're getting more mail than me  
 if you get more I will have to send it  
 back to the States. Have a good flight John

AÉROGRAMME • PAR AVION

Mr. John English  
 c/o Mr. Rousseau  
 Bouche  
 Rue de l'Académie  
 Neuilly, France

U.S.A. JOHN F. KENNEDY



AIR MAIL



Carlisle, Pa. U.S.A.

R101

W. J. Russell

SECOND FOLD

FIRST FOLD



I got your package that Earl sent back to us.  
The big barn on the hill is being painted today - at least the  
roof will be - I don't know how much more will be done today.  
How the time is flying - is it 4 weeks you have been in France?  
Russ gets home every weekend so far. He has a job that he  
works at after hours. The nights are hard for him to take  
as there is nothing to do.

Love  
Mom



8/24/1966



Mom's letter  
to me of  
8-18-66  
forwarded  
by  
John  
to  
me in  
Paris

J. ENGLISH  
12 Rue de l'agueduc  
NIMES 30,



Mr. S. ROBERT POWELL

POSTE RESTANTE

PARIS

75



9/1966



Mr. Robert Powell

The CHANNEL HOUSE

824 NEW HAMPSHIRE AVE N.W.

# 505

WASHINGTON, D. C.



Dear Bob,

We have finally settled down in an apartment that leaves much to be desired. I think there are more cockroaches here than in ~~any~~ <sup>any</sup> ~~place~~ <sup>place</sup>. We looked for a week and finally got tired and took this place.

We both are taking 18 hours made up of 4 Econ / International finance and a calculus course. it is going to be pretty rough. I am still looking for a job and so is the Greek. I don't think we will be able to keep it very long, though.

I hope you will let us know when you get into town. I think I remember the 8<sup>th</sup> - 10<sup>th</sup> are one of those dates.



We have an extra bed here in case  
Don doesn't have enough room.

If you can possibly manage within  
the next week or so I could sure use  
some money. I realize that you are  
probably just about in the same situation  
as us. but - anything would help.  
we have borrowed from just about  
everyone we know and are fast  
losing friends -

Here is the address -

112 West 72nd Street  
apt 1116  
N.Y. 23, N.Y.

ENDICOTT - 2-4800 ext 1116.

See you in a few weeks /

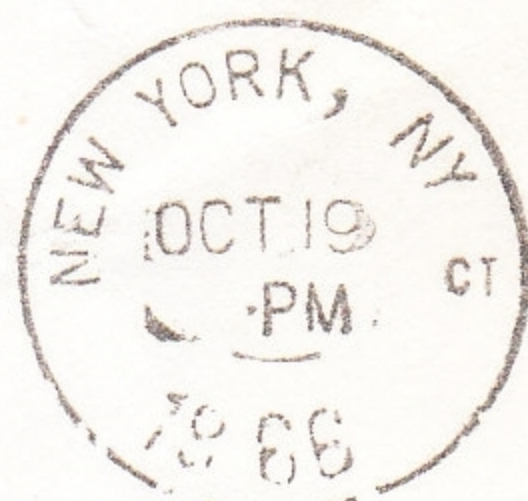
John



10/19/1966

HOTEL HARGRAVE  
112 WEST SEVENTY SECOND STREET  
New York 23, N. Y.

#1116



SAVE THE  
BUY U.S.  
PAV 001



Mr. S. Robert Powell  
Department of Romance Languages  
George Washington University  
WASHINGTON D, C.



Feb. 19, 1961

Dear Bob.

I received everything you sent and will be expecting to see you this coming weekend. Hope you will bring some of the pictures you took, they should be interesting.

The Greek and I have a class until 9:10 on Friday nite so if you get in before 6 or after 10:00<sup>we</sup> will be waiting for your call. EN-2-4800-#1116. This place is a real dine but you are more <sup>than</sup> welcome to stay since we have plenty of rooms. See you this weekend.

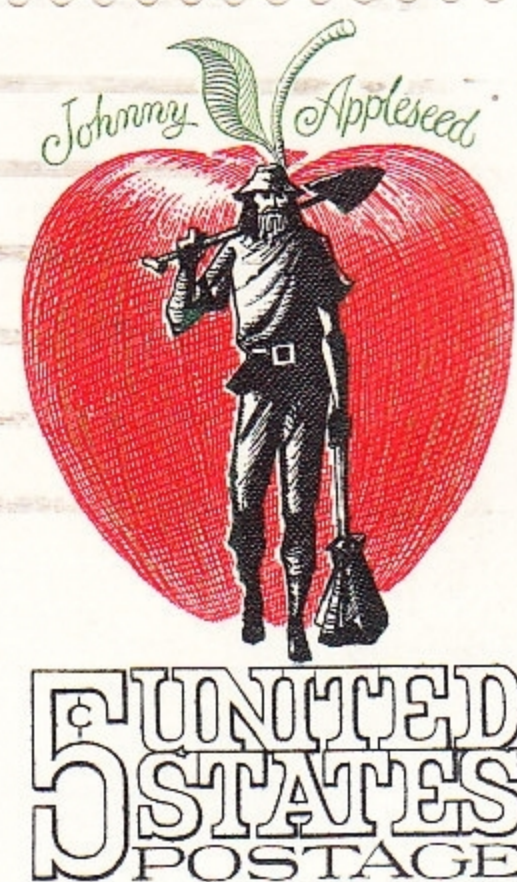
John



11/27/1966

HOTEL HARGRAVE  
112 WEST SEVENTY SECOND STREET  
New York 23, N. Y.

# 1116



Mr. Robert Powell  
Department of Romance Languages  
George Washington University  
Washington D.C. N.W.



Dear Bob,

I have the enlargement that you sent in a place of honor right next to the picture of my mother and since all of the slots at work have pictures of their wives on their desks, I thought I would put it on mine.

How is school? Things are going better here but I am still anxious to get back to D.C.



I hope that you will be coming up  
some time around or before Christmas. I haven't  
got around to seeing Don yet but I imagine  
he is well occupied too. He sent me a  
catalogue of the Econ books available through  
Holt - - - and I haven't had a chance to  
thank him yet.

When you get here you can give me some  
advice as to which French course you think  
I have a chance in and which will do me  
the most good. I am pretty sure that we  
will be able to take French next semester but  
not the equivalent of 3 or 4. We have  
to take some literature course I think.

I hope to see you in a few weeks.

Sincerely,  
John



10/16/67

John English  
827 -22nd Street N W  
Washington D.C.



**AIR MAIL**

Mr. S. Robert Powell  
515 East 1st Street  
Bloomington, Indiana



October 16, 1967

Dear Bob,

I called Earl today to get your address, for some reason I misplaced the one you gave me. How do you like life in Bloomington? From what Earl tells me, your courses are pretty good but you are having a little trouble getting adjusted to the fast living of a big city.

Nothing spectacular has been happening here. Mary Sittig is back from Europe and has been bugging the hell out of me, other than that things are pretty normal.

Teddy wrote the other day. He is stationed in San Antonio Texas and from the sound of his letter, is getting to be an expert at cleaning garbage cans. That must be a real blow to his ego. He went to New York the weekend before reporting to the A F and had dinner at a table across from Melina Mercouri. This apparently really excited his family.

Earl said that you will be coming to Washington before thanksgiving, so I will see you then. Hope everything is working out for you. What kind of classes are you teaching?

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to be 'John' or similar, written in a cursive style.



The END .

— scanned July 2021